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The Origin of Place Names in West Virginia

By Lewis H. Chrisman

The study of place names is much more than a matter of linguistics. Geographical, historical, and general social backgrounds are potent factors in determining the nomenclature of a given region. Hence, the most typical characteristic of the names found in any section of the country is that they are not typical. From its very nature geographical terminology is always distinctive.

At the outset a few general illustrations of this might not be amiss. The most marked characteristic of the county names of Virginia is the frequency of the names of English royalty and near royalty. The origin of King William, King George Prince Edward, Prince George, Prince William is obvious even to the casual reader of that fascinating document, *The United States Official Postal Guide.* A little further investigation will show that many other names, such as Amelia, Caroline, Charlotte, Hanover, and Henrico, belong to the same general pattern. On the other hand John Fiske reports that in Massachusetts the only name of this type is Lunenberg, which was named for George II, one of whose titles was Duke of Lunenberg. Although Mr. Fiske apparently forgot Dukes County, which was named after James II when he was still Duke of York, the fact that Virginia was settled by royalists and Massachusetts by men who in their sympathies were closely affiliated with those who beheaded one king and looked upon royalty in general as sons of perdition, is highly evident in the place names of the two sections.

Illustrations of the distinctiveness of regional nomenclature can be easily multiplied. We think immediately of the Spanish names of the Southwest, of the Scandina-

vian of Minnesota and adjoining states, and of the French in the region of the Great Lakes. Other sets of name patterns which are not so palpably evident are just as distinctive. In that transplanted New England, the Western Reserve of Ohio, we find numerous names like Norwalk, Litchfield, Andover, New Lyme, Kent, Middlefield, and Hartford which were brought to "New Connecticut" from the parent state. In Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, we find three layers of place-names. First there is the English of which the county name itself is an example; then comes a Welsh layer with names like Carnarvon, Brecknock, Bangor, Lampeter; and in addition to these we find in the third layer Manheim, Rheems, Reinholds, Schoeneck, Strasburg, and numerous other German names. Wherever we find place names we find them in distinctive patterns. That no set of them is absolutely a cross-section of those of the nation at large must be remembered in our study of West Virginia origins.

Probably the best place to begin the discussion of such a topic is with the names of the fifty-five counties. In this connection it should be remembered that of these fifty-one were given their names while West Virginia was still a part of Virginia. The outstanding fact in regard to these is that thirty-two of them were taken from surnames of notabilities of the state of Virginia. Of these but four, Charles Lewis of border warfare fame, Lewis Wetzel, the Indian fighter, Judge Lewis Summers, and Philip Doddridge, ever resided in territory now included in West Virginia. Thirteen counties of West Virginia are named for the following governors of Virginia: Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Randolph, Robert Brooke, James Wood, James Monroe, William H. Cabell, John Tyler, Sr., William Cary Nicholas, James P. Preston, James Pleasants, Jr., Thomas W. Gilmer, and James McDowell. In addition Berkeley County is named for Norbonne Berkeley (Baron de Botetourt), Colonial Governor of Virginia from 1768 to 1770. Of these fourteen governors it will be noted that two, Jefferson and Monroe, be-

came presidents of the United States, and two, Jefferson and Harrison, were signers of the Declaration of Independence. The other Virginia signer represented on the roster of West Virginia county names is Carter Braxton. Edmund Randolph was appointed Attorney-General by George Washington and succeeded Jefferson as Secretary of States.

Two of the thirty-two, John Marshall and Philip P. Barbour, were members of the United States Supreme Court, Abel Parker Upshur was Secretary of State, and Thomas Walter Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy in President Tyler's Cabinet. On February 28, 1844 the President and a number of distinguished guests visited the war steamer *Princeton* on the Potomac River to witness the testing of a large gun. During the experiments the gun exploded killing Secretaries Upshur and Gilmer, and several other members of the party. Other counties named for Virginia notabilities are Hardy, Mason, Mercer, Morgan, Pendleton, Ritchie, Roane, Taylor, Tucker, and Wirt.

The origin of the post-bellum county names of Lincoln and Grant needs no explanation. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster are also self-explanatory. Most people would infer that Boone was named for the famous hunter and pathfinder, and their inference would be correct. The naming of Fayette was one of numerous similar tributes of gratitude to Washington's friend and helper. Marion is one of seventeen American counties named for General Francis Marion, and Jackson one of eighteen for General Andrew Jackson. Wayne, commemorating the famous "Mad Anthony," is also popular as an American place name, the West Virginia county being one of nineteen thus designated. The name of John Hancock of Massachusetts, president of the continental congress and signer of the Declaration, has been given to ten counties besides the one in West Virginia. Putnam County is named for General Israel Putnam, New England soldier and patriot, and Raleigh for Sir Walter Raleigh, the many-sided Elizabethan Englishman.

This leaves nine counties still to be mentioned. Of these one is the oldest in the state. Hampshire is a fine old Anglo-Saxon name meaning "Home Shire." One would be guilty of a serious sin of omission if he neglected to repeat the well-known legend in regard to the placing of this name on the map of Virginia. The story is that Lord Fairfax saw an especially fine drove of hogs and inquired where they came from. Upon being told that they had been raised in the South Branch Valley he suggested that that region be named Hampshire because that shire in the mother land had long been noted for the exceptional quality of its swine. Of course, the truth of this cannot be proved, but neither can its falsity. At all events, it is a rather good story, and our believing it does no particular harm.

Greenbrier gets its attractive and poetical name from the river which drains it. We are told that Mineral County was so named "because of the mineral resources found there." It is likely more interesting than significant that these are the only two counties in West Virginia bearing English descriptive names.

This leaves seven Indian names. Of these Kanawha, Monongalia, and Ohio come from rivers. It is generally believed that the Great Kanawha derived its name from a small tribe of Indians who once dwelt on its banks. Indian names are difficult and this one is no exception. It has been spelled in different ways, including Coneys and Connois. In the act authorizing the creation of the county it is written Kenhawa. Although the name has not been modified by any official action, its present form has been adopted by popular usage, which after all is the most potent influence in the determining of linguistic trends.

There have been various explanations of the meaning of Ohio, but "the river with the white froth" seems the most satisfactory. The poetical Indian name of Pocahontas, said to mean "the stream between two hills," is borne by a number of towns and two counties, the other being in Iowa. Mingo County, which was formed in 1895 from

Logan, was given the name of the Indian tribe of which Logan was chief. In spite of the fact that Logan County was named for an Indian it does not have an Indian name. Logan was the son of John Shikellamy, a French-Canadian, and a squaw of the Cayuga tribe. The son was baptized by the Moravians and was named for James Logan, Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania, for whom his father had great admiration. Wyoming comes from the name of an Indian tribe and is a corrupted form of a word meaning "large plains" or "extensive meadows." Monongalia gets its name from the Monongahela River, which means the "river of the falling banks."

The list of names of the twelve West Virginia cities having a population of 10,000 or more is too small to give us a cross-section of the nomenclature of the state as a whole. Yet it is worth while to notice them briefly. Beckley is named for General Alfred Beckley, a native of Virginia. Bluefield receives its name either from the blue grass abundant in its locality or from a weed with a dark blue flower which once flourished there, or possibly from both. Charleston was named by its founder, George Clendenin, for his father, Charles Clendenin. The origin of the name South Charleston, one of the twelve cities on this list, is obvious. Clarksburg was given its name in honor of George Rogers Clark. Fairmont is a descriptive title frequently used in various parts of the United States.

Huntington was named after the California magnate, Collis P. Huntington, at one time president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Martinsburg was named in honor of Thomas Bryan Martin, a nephew of Lord Fairfax, and Morgantown for the pioneer Zackwell Morgan. The name of Moundsville is derived from the famous Grave Creek Indian Mound. Parkersburg, originally called Newport, was given its name in 1810 for Alexander Parker, who in 1783 purchased for fifty dollars the land upon which the city now stands. Last on the list is Wheeling meaning the "place of the head," and thus called by the Indians because a captive had been put to death there

and his head stuck on a sharp pole. George Stewart in *Names on the Land* refers to Wheeling as an Indian name which seems "as much English as Barking or Reading."

In proceeding further with West Virginia place names I am reminded of the first sentence in the "Author's Postscript" appended to *Names on the Land:* "Under the circumstances I hope that no one will be outraged at the omission of some favorite names." At this stage I venture to express the same hope. Additional nomenclature will have to be treated less comprehensively. As I now deal with different types of name patterns, I shall select individual names which best illustrate my point, independently of the size of the geographical division to which they are affixed.

Throughout the United States there are many places which are named for other places both at home and abroad. For example, St. Albans in Vermont is named for one Alban, a Roman, said to be the first Christian martyr in Britain. The name for St. Albans (Kanawha), West Virginia, was suggested by a man named Parsons, a member of the town council, after his home town in Vermont. St. Marys (Pleasants) is said to have been named by Alexander H. Creel in honor of the Virgin Mary's appearing to him in a vision as the steamer upon which he was traveling on the Ohio River was passing the point where he afterwards established the town. It is too bad to be compelled to question this legend, but we cannot help remembering that Mr. Creel came to West Virginia from St. Marys County, Maryland, and that this fact likely explains the origin of the name. Hartford (Mason) was named by its founders, a group of Eastern capitalists, for Hartford, Connecticut, which in turn was named for Hartford, England, the origin of the name being clear to anybody who examines its formation with sufficient care. Romney (Hampshire) is named for the town on the south coast of England. In the original term the *ey* means island and the first syllable probably represents Rome. Another explanation is that the name is a patronymic meaning "place of the sons of Ruma."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a group of Seventh Day Baptists migrated from New Jersey to North Central West Virginia and named their settlement New Salem in honor of their home town of Salem, New Jersey. This Old Testament name naturally comes from the Hebrew. In Genesis 14:18 we are told that Melchizedek, king of Salem, a "priest of the most high God," regaled Abraham and his cohorts with bread and wine. Although the etymology of the name Jerusalem is uncertain, in its present form it includes in its last two syllables this earlier place name. The basic meaning of the word is "peace." Another interesting Biblical name found on the map of West Virginia is that of Bethany (Ohio), a town remembered as the home of the famous Alexander Campbell. Other names in this pattern are Berea (Ritchie), Palestine (Wirt), Canaan (Upshur), Corinth (Preston), Mount Nebo (Nicholas), Nebo (Clay), Mount Zion (Calhoun), Pisgah (Preston), and Bethlehem (Ohio).

The following additional West Virginia place names have been derived from other geographical names ancient and modern: Athens (Mercer), Troy (Gilmer), Cairo (Ritchie), Manheim (Preston), Berlin (Lewis), Vienna (Wood), New Haven (Mason), Glasgow (Kanawha), New England (Hancock), Dixie (Nicholas), Plymouth (Putnam), Helvetia (Randolph), Vandalia (Lewis), Adrian (Upshur), Carlisle (Fayette), New Cumberland (Hancock), and Yukon (McDowell). Princeton (Mercer) is named for Princeton, New Jersey because General Hugh Mercer from whom the county received its name was killed in the Revolutionary battle fought at that place.

Although this is a respectable sized list and is by no means inclusive, this type of nomenclature does not stand out in West Virginia. Hampshire is our only county name belonging to this group, while of the fourteen counties of Massachusetts, eleven bear these transferred place names. The names of the three counties of Delaware, Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex, were all brought from England. The older part of Pennsylvania is particularly rich in names

of this type. This is also true of New England and certain parts of the Middle West.

Another very common type of place name in West Virginia, and practically everywhere else, is the name arising from geographical conditions. A few of the many examples which could be given are the following: Glenville (Gilmer), Point Pleasant (Mason), Richwood (Nicholas), Green Spring (Hampshire), Flatwoods (Braxton), Pine Grove (Wetzel), Oak Hill (Fayette), Coalton (Randolph), Lead Mine (Tucker), Spring Creek (Greenbrier), Hanging Rock (Hampshire), Ridgeview (Boone), Silica (Randolph), Sugar Grove (Pendleton), Falling Water (Berkeley), Fan Rock (Wyoming), Petroleum (Ritchie), and Rock Cave (Upshur). Terra Alta (Preston), Piedmont (Mineral), Belmont (Pleasants), and Ronceverte (Greenbrier) are names of this pattern which take us out of the confines of the English language.

We now come to the class of name origins which looms the largest in West Virginia, places named for people. As we have seen in noticing the county names, these are often given in honor of distinguished individuals. Sometimes they are a compliment paid to a prominent resident of a community by his neighbors, or occasionally by himself. The name may come from an owner of a mine or a lumbering operation, or it may have a much more remote origin. Spencer (Roane) is named for the first name of Judge Spencer Roane, whose surname the county bears. In the same way Philippi (Barbour) is a modified form of the first name of Judge Philip Barbour. Another example of this name pattern is Beverly, the old county seat of Randolph County, which was originally called Edmunton in honor of Edmund Randolph. Tucker County received its name from Henry St. George Tucker (1780-1848). We are told that St. George, the original county seat, was given its name to honor another St. George Tucker. There have been so many Virginians bearing the name of St. George Tucker that it is hard to settle problems arising in connection with this combination. However, those who

contend that the village of St. George was not named for the same Virginia jurist as the county must bear the burden of proof.

There are a number of names along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which are derived from the surnames of officials and upper range employees of that line. Among these names are Keyser (Mineral), Rowlesburg (Preston), Cameron (Marshall), Grafton (Taylor), and Mannington (Marion). On Christmas Eve of 1852 two railroad construction groups met in Marshall County eighteen miles east of Wheeling. Here the track was closed and the last spike driven. A large glacial rock near to the rails was named after Roseby Carr, who had charge of the construction forces in the immediate locality. Although Mr. Carr's first name is misspelled in the inscription carved on the rock, and reads Rossby, the site is often referred to as Roseby's Rock. Cowen (Webster) was named for John F. Cowen, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The name of Henry Gassaway Davis is well represented on the map of West Virginia by Henry (Tucker), Gassaway (Braxton), and Davis (Tucker). When the last place was being named, the fact that there already was a Davis in Lewis County entailed some difficulty. It was met, however, by changing the latter name to Vadis. Junior (Barbour) is named for John Davis, son of the Senator, and Thomas (Tucker) for his brother, Colonel Thomas Davis. Bayard (Grant) gets its name from that of Thomas F. Bayard, the famous Delaware statesman. Hendricks (Tucker) was named in honor of Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, 1885-1889.

A few of the more unusual names of this type might be mentioned here. Sistersville (Tyler) was named for Sarah and Delilah Wells, two of the twenty-one children of Charles Wells, Sr., and owners of the land upon which the town now stands. Triadelphia (Ohio) is a modified form of the Greek word for three brothers, and was likely given its name in honor of the three sons of Colonel Josias Thompson who donated the site of the original town.

Charles Town (Jefferson) received its name from that of Charles Washington, brother of the first president of the United States. Benwood (Marshall) developed on the site of a woods owned by Benjamin McMechen, a circumstance which explains the origin of the name. The name of Kermit (Mingo) was given in honor of Kermit Roosevelt, son of President Theodore Roosevelt. Sabraton (Monongalia) was named after Sabra Vance Sturgiss, wife of Judge George C. Sturgiss. Man (Logan) received its name from the last syllable of the surname of a local resident, Ulysses Hinchman. Hundred (Wetzel), formerly Old Hundred, was named in honor of the first settlers, Henry Church and his wife, who lived to be 109 and 106 respectively. Winfield (Putnam) bears the first name of General Winfield Scott.

A word should be said about the synthetic place name as found in West Virginia. In this connection we immediately think of Kenova (Wayne), which combines syllables of Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia because it is located at the junction of the three states. Hamel Kenny in a study of "The Synthetic Place Name in West Virginia"[1] reports that there are forty such names, falling into six groups. The smallest group consists of surnames preceded by the initials. Of these there are but three: Elgood (Mercer), Erbacon (Webster), and Itman Wyoming). Mr. Kenny reports that Elgood was named thirty years ago after L. Goodwin, who had suggested another name for the place which the postal authorities refused to accept. Erbacon is a name which has become associated with a cock and bull legend to the effect that when the railroad workers there were asked by the hotel keeper what they would have to eat they would invariably reply, "beans er bacon." Such stories in regard to place names are widely circulated and should be taken with more than a few grains of salt. In this instance the place received its name from that of E. R. Bacon, an official of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The name Itman com-

[1] *American Speech*, Volume 15, p. 38. February 1940.

bines the initials and the surname of a pioneer coal operator, I. T. Mann.

In Harrison County there is a small community named Viropa, a combination of Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. It is said the original owners of the mine at that place had come from these three states. Ellamore (Upshur) was named after Mrs. J. B. Moore, wife of the head of the lumber company located there. Champwood (Mineral) once had a post office which was named at the suggestion of a local resident for Champ Clark and Woodrow Wilson. Quinwood (Greenbrier) represents a combination of the names of Quin Morton and W. S. Wood of Charleston. Mabscott (Raleigh), according to the *West Virginia Blue Book,* is named after Mabel (Shinn) Scott of Fairmont, wife of the late Cyrus Scott, a Raleigh County coal operator.

Paraphrasing the title of Mr. Stewart's *Names on the Land,* we might call any study of West Virginia place nomenclature "Names on our State." Such a field of research presents the widest of possibilities. There are more than fifteen hundred post office names in West Virginia. And how some of these do arouse our curiosity! We wonder as to the origin of Pie (Mingo), Caress (Braxton), Frozen (Calhoun), Mud (Lincoln), Duck (Clay), Cucumber (McDowell), Left Hand (Roane), Replete (Webster), Tariff (Roane), Canvas (Nicholas), Romance (Jackson), Uneeda (Boone), Polemic (Braxton), Odd (Raleigh), Wildcat (Lewis), Pink (Calhoun), and hundreds of others. However, with the tendency to send out the mail from larger centers the list of post offices is not so comprehensive as it once was. And then, too, West Virginia has a wealth of creek names, some rudely picturesque and others aglow with poetry. In the towns the investigation of street terminology offers a rewarding field for the alert-minded investigator.

People are interested in names. The study of them has the widest and deepest of ramifications. Yet important as is the research of national and state patterns, the best work

in the field will necessarily be a part of local history. Charity is not the only good thing that begins at home. The outstanding contributions to this area of knowledge are those which will be made by men and women alive to the significance of the place names in their own communities.

Tarascon of Shippingport at the Falls of the Ohio

By Newman F. McGirr

Louis Anastasius Tarascon was born on February 10, 1759, in the town of Tarascon, France.[1] There is almost conclusive evidence that he was living eighty years later, and at 35 Dey Street, New York City, in the fact one of his pamphlets which was registered in the District Court of the Southern District of New York, 1839, gives that address for himself as one of the *philanthropes* who would accept subscriptions to a projected establishment—a farm school for the education of orphan boys and girls.[2] He claimed it was the first of its kind and, being a farm school and for boys and girls, perhaps it was. Girard College then being erected at Philadelphia under the terms of Stephen Girard's will provided for poor, white, orphan boys.

Tarascon's life in America began when he came to Philadelphia, "an emigrant from France in the year 1794," choosing the United States "for my new and last patria."[3] Nearly fifty years later (1843) Sherman Day in his *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania* (p. 82), included the biographical sketch of Tarascon quoted below but does not indicate whether he was then living or dead. From this secondary source has been handed down the information on Tarascon given by a number of historical writers who have touched on his activities, but all I have seen omit an important statement of Day's. In a footnote he credits

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1 *The Mdgazine of History*, Extra Number—No. 148, Tarrytown, N. Y., 1929, p. 233.

2 [Tarascon, L. A.] *Raisonie, ou Douce Demeure, Sweet Home de la Raison . . .*, New York, J. F. Curcy, 162 Nassau St., 1839.
*A copy in Library of Congress has written on the paper cover, "Deposited Apr. 6, 1839 at the Clerk's Office of the South District of New York." The name of L. A. Tarascon is given in the printed notice of copyright ownership. The text is in French.

3 *L. A. Tarascon, To His Friends &c. . . .*, Louisville, 1836, p. 6.

his information to one Anthony Beelen, Esq., an early merchant of Pittsburgh:

> A French gentleman, Louis Anastasius Tarascon, emigrated in 1794 from France, and established himself in Philadelphia, as a merchant. He was a large importer of silks, and all kinds of French and German goods. Being very wealthy and enterprising, in 1799 he sent two of his clerks, Charles Brugier and James Berthoud, to examine the course of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and ascertain the practicability of sending ships and clearing them from this port, ready rigged, to the West Indies and Europe. These two gentlemen returned to Philadelphia, reported favorably, and Mr. Tarascon associated them and his brother, John Anthony, with himself under the firm name of 'John A. Tarascon, brothers, James Berthoud & Co.,' and immediately established in Pittsburgh, a large wholesale and retail store and warehouse, a shipyard, a rigging and sail loft, an anchor smith shop, a block manufactory, and in short every thing necessary to complete vessels for sea. The first year, 1801, they built the schooner Amity, of 120 tons, and the ship Pittsburgh of 250 tons,—and sent the former, loaded with flour, to St. Thomas, and the other, also with flour, to Philadelphia,—from whence they sent them to Bordeaux, and brought back a cargo of wine, brandy, and other French goods, part of which they sent here [Pittsburgh] in wagons at a carriage of from six to eight cents per pound. In 1802 they built the brig Nanino, of 250 tons; in 1803, the ship Louisiana, of 300 tons; and in 1804, the ship Western Trader, of 400 tons.

In Hardie's Philadelphia Directory for 1794 appears the firm of Tarascon, Lewis & Victor Journel, Merchants, 51 S. Second Street. In that for 1797 they were at the same address but the junior partner's name is spelled Journal. In 1798 we find L. A. Tarascon, merchant, 204 S. Second; in 1800 the house number is changed to 211 and in 1802 he is at 217 Mulberry Street. In 1803 and 1804 the latter entry continues but there is also a Tarascon, jun., James Berthoud & Co. merchants, 55 N. 2d. From then to 1808 inclusive there is a L. A. Tarascon, merchant, 69 Chestnut, but nothing later. The "Tarascon, jun." above probably was himself since the present writer has seen no other evidence of his having a son.

It is inconceivable that he was not in Pittsburgh, for a

LOUIS ANASTASIUS TARASCON—by St. Memin,* 1801

*Fevret de Saint-Memin, Charles Balthazar Julien. Born, Dijon, 1770. First to practice in America the Chretien style popular in Paris, of drawing profile portraits. Dexter, No. 244.

considerable time at least, while his great enterprise was being established there and also as early as 1803 there is evidence of his desire for fresh fields of endeavor: "When in the year 1803, I caused to be made the first purchase of the site of Shippingsport [Shippingport, Ky., at the Falls of the Ohio] and which I never have seen."[4]

The building of sea-going vessels flourished in Pittsburgh up to 1805. The Tarascon shipyard was on the Monongahela where was also the William Greenough yard. A number of vessels were built and their careers and adventures, quoting George H. Thurston, "would form a pleasant chapter, but there are no records of their voyages; only a semi-tradition." But he does tell the anecdote of a ship which, on arriving at an East Indian Port, was nearly confiscated when the papers were presented to the Custom House officer showing Pittsburgh as the port from which she had cleared. The officer said there was no such port in the world and was not convinced until the captain back tracked the course on his maps through the Indian Ocean, around Cape of Good Hope, across the Atlantic, up the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans, up the Mississippi for a thousand miles to the Ohio and another thousand to Pittsburgh.[5]

Sherman Day also gives this story as being told by Henry Clay on the floor of Congress to illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people. The port of Leghorn is named as the scene of the episode. Still a third version is found in Ambler's extensive work on transportation in the Ohio Valley. Here the ship is the *Louisiana* of which some account of her voyage in 1805 is set forth. She was delayed at Trieste, "the Italians insisting there was no such port as Marietta," the home of her owner, E. W. Tupper, from whence she had cleared. In Mr. Ambler's book, facing p. 94, is a full page reproduction of the early map, "Plan of Pittsburgh with the Alleghany and Monongohaley Shewing their Connection into the Ohio River Likewise the Different Vessels Built

[4] *Idem*, p. 11.
[5] George H. Thurston, *Pittsburgh As It Is, 1857*, p. 69.

at Pittsburgh. Octo. 10, 1805. By William Masson." Ten vessels are indicated in the rivers, including the *Amity, Pittsburgh, Nanina* [Nanino?] products of the Tarascon yard. Also perhaps the ship *Customs Trader* suggests the possibility for Tarascon's *Western Trader*.[6] If we take this as evidence of their having returned to the home port what a labor of upstream poling is presented, such as the smaller flatboats and keelboats accomplished occasionally. Sail may have been used but only in a favorable wind.

In Pittsburgh James Berthoud, the associate of Tarascon, in addition to his partnership in the ship building business, has also become a general merchant. His advertisement in the *Pittsburgh Gazette,* Friday evening, January 8, 1802 reads:

> James Berthoud, Water Street, near Henderson's Ferry, Wholesale and Retail Cloths, Clothings . . . Blankets, Umbrellas, Writing Paper . . . Groceries, Queensware.

Perhaps this was the first department store west of the Alleghenies and doubtless the still intact Tarascon fortune was backing it.

But boat building, boat buying and boat selling seems to have been part of the business of a large portion of the inhabitants in the first decade of the nineteenth century.[7] F. A. Michaux locates an unnamed principal shipyard as being on the Monongahela, "about two hundred fathoms beyond the last houses of the town."[8]

Here is another advertisement, *Pittsburgh Gazette,* December 31, 1802:

> Amity. Launched December 23, 1802. On Thursday afternoon, the 23d instant was launched from the ship-yard of Messrs. Tarascon Brothers, James Berthoud and Co., the Schooner Amity, burthen 100 tons.

In other issues of the same newspaper were reported: The *Pittsburgh,* launched Tuesday, February 8, 1803;

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[6] Charles H. Ambler, *A History of Transportation in the Ohio Valley,* 1932, p. 88.
[7] Christian Schultz, *Travels on an Inland Voyage,* 1810, p. 126.
[8] Francois A. Michaux, *Travels to the West of the Alleghany Mountains . . . in the Year 1802,* Reuben G. Thwaites, *Early American Travels,* 3:160.

Nanina [Nanino?] January 5, 1804; *Louisiana,* March 30, 1804, 300 tons, "Cap't McKeener commands her"; *Western Trader,* launched in May 1804, 400 tons. It is to be noted that this corrects Sherman Day's statement implying that the *Amity* and *Pittsburgh* were launched in 1801. Archer B. Hulbert credits Marietta, Ohio, and Elizabeth, Pennsylvania as the birth places of the first two ships built on Western waters—the *St. Clair,* 110 tons, at Marietta and the *Monongahela Farmer,* 250 tons, at Elizabeth, both during the year 1800. There is some discussion as to which was launched first.[9]

Zadok Cramer's *The Navigator* of 1811 announced that there was "now on foot a new mode of navigating our western waters, particularly the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers . . . with boats propelled by the power of steam . . . A Mr. Rosevalt [Nicholas Roosevelt] . . . acting it is understood with Messrs. Fulton and Livingston of New York, has a boat of this kind [The *New Orleans*] now on the stocks at Pittsburgh."

It is strange that a man of Tarascon's progressive and enthusiastic nature did not branch out into some field of the infant river steamboat industry. It was not 'sour grapes' that prevented, for there is no evidence of his railing against new fangled ideas. On the contrary, later he writes of the usefulness of the swift steamboats. He must certainly have recognized at once their superiority over sail. The Pittsburgh shipyard fades out of the picture, and Tarascon, its founder, drifts down the river dreaming of a great flour mill, rope walks and a bustling port at the head of unobstructed navigation on the Ohio. And in part his visions materialized—in part at least, and for a while.

LOUISVILLE AND SHIPPINGPORT

In the year 1773, Captain Thomas Bullitt, leading his group of pioneers, came to the mouth of Beargrass Creek at the Falls of the Ohio. A forest primeval covered the

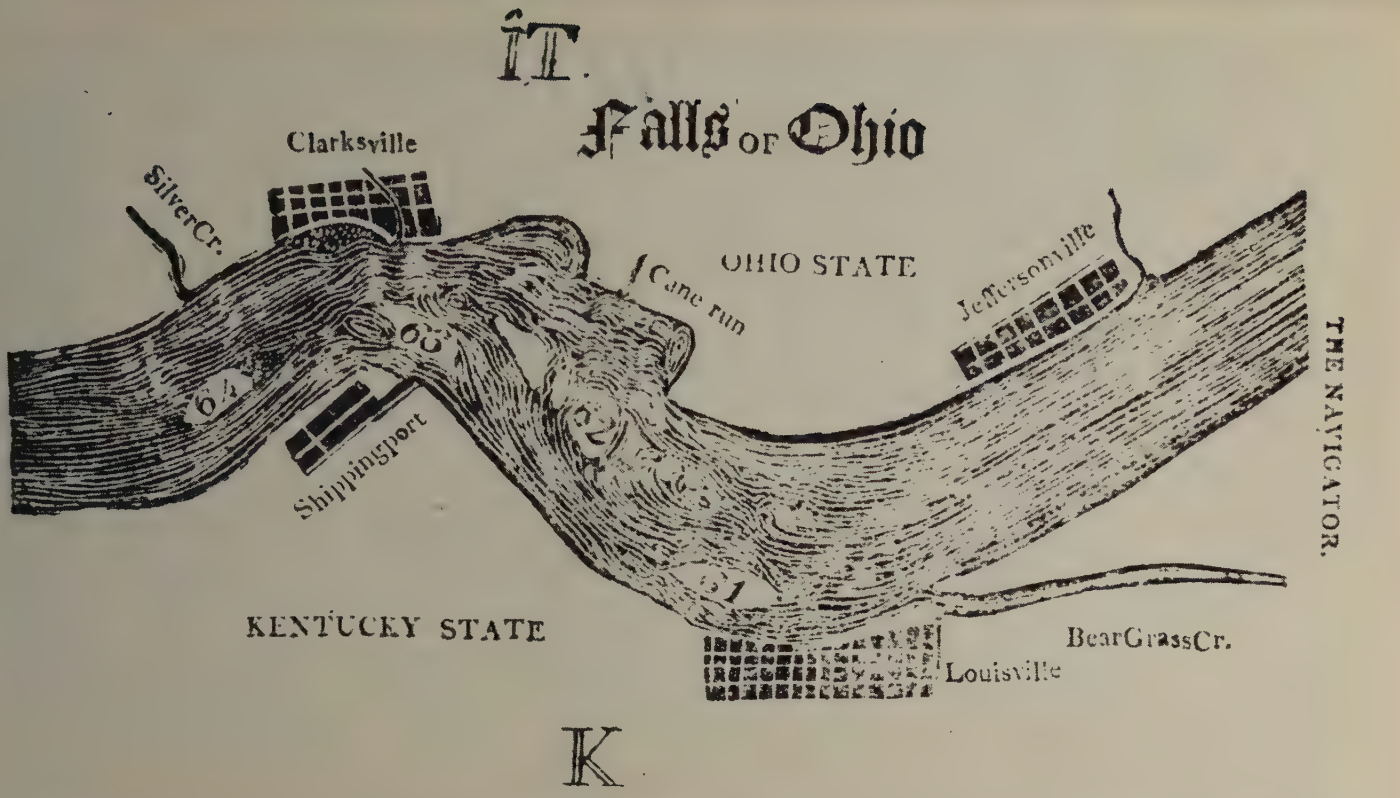
[9] Archer B. Hulbert, "Western Ship-Building," in *American Historical Review,* 21:723.

banks of the river. It was in July and the water was low; so as a precaution against an attack by the Indians Captain Bullitt and his men, as the sun sank, spread their blankets on the rocks in the river and with the added protection of pickets slept on their hard beds in comparative safety. They were the first inhabitants of what is now the populous city of Louisville, originally called Falls of the Ohio. Later Campbeltown was established nearby, incorporated 1785. It was located on an island below the falls. Col. John Campbell, the first owner, sold part of the site to James Berthoud in 1803, and in 1806 the Tarascons purchased there the greater part of Shippingport and with other French emigres settled about the falls.

Shippingport was the head of navigation coming up the Ohio and Louisville, a mile and a half upstream, was the foot of upper navigation. "Arks," wrote J. F. L. S. Bradbury, who traveled these parts, 1809-1811, were all made "fifty feet in length and fourteen in breadth; which last is limited, because it often happens that they must pass over the falls at Louisville when the water is at a low state . . . betwixt the two rocks in the Indian schute, only fifteen feet asunder."[10]

Until the Louisville and Portland Canal was opened in 1831, all the commerce around the falls had to be hauled between Louisville and Shippingport in both directions. Shippingport came to transact an equal if not a larger amount of business than Louisville and a great natural water power suggested the development of manufacturing. The Tarascons began the erection of an enormous "merchant flouring mill" at a cost of more than $150,000 and machinery was imported at great expense. It had capacity, when completed, of 500 barrels of flour per day and wagons could be driven under an arch where grain was weighed and discharged at the rate of 75 bushels in ten minutes. Experiments were conducted with machiners for cotton and weaving mills, but the whole thing was in advance of the times and resulted in failure.[11]

[10] John F. L. S. Bradbury, *Travels in the Interior of America*, Thwaites, 5:301.
[11] Young E. Allison, *City of Louisville, 1887*, pp. 3, 24-26.



Until the opening of the Louisville and Portland Canal (1831), all commerce around the Falls had to be hauled between Louisville and Shippingport in both directions.

"As soon as in 1807," Louis A. states, "in view of building water mills on it, I went to examine the bank of the river from ferry landing up to Beargrass."[12] Elsewhere he is credited with having arrived in 1806 and living there eighteen years.[13] Here in a "weather beaten tenement still standing" (1885) Tarascon is said to have entertained many distinguished guests. It has been claimed, without verification, that Burr, Blennerhassett and Wilkinson used it as a meeting place when concocting the "Spanish Conspiracy."[14] A quaint visitor at Shippingport was the naturalist Constantine S. Rafinesque who on his first arrival in America had landed in Philadelphia, April 1803, and was received by those to whom he had letters of introduction including "the brothers Tarascon formerly of Marseilles," and the famous Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In the spring or summer of 1818 Rafinesque "proceeded to Louisville, where my old friends Messrs. Tarascon received me with open arms, and invited me to rest with them. I spent two weeks at their mills of Shippingport at the falls of the Ohio, studying the fishes and shells of the river, of which I made a large collection, drawing them on the spot at the same time. I was surprised to find them nearly all new."[15] John J. Audubon, the ornithologist, first met Rafinesque here. When Audubon experienced financial reverses his wife Lucy and "the boys" lived at the home of Nicholas Berthoud in Shippingport while he sought to retrieve his fortunes elsewhere.[16]

Writing in 1819, H. M. M'Murtrie, M. D., estimated the population of Shippingport at six hundred, and calls it the Bois de Bouloigne of Louisville. The good doctor made a clever guess, for the U. S. Census of 1820 gives the number as 523, white and slave.[17] Hundreds of teams hauled the traffic of the river around the rapids and hun-

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[12] *L. A. Tarascon To His Friends, op. cit.* p. 11.
[13] *History of the Falls Cities and Their Counties*, 1882, vol. 1, p. 488a-b.
[14] Louisville, Kentucky Free Public Library, *Collected Writings Relating to the History of Louisville*, 1935, p. 351.
[15] C. S. Rafinesque, *A Life of Travels and Researches*, Philadelphia, 1836. Reprint: *Chronica Botanica*, Waltham, Mass., Spring, 1944, pp. 301, 318.
[16] Constance Rourke, *Audubon*, 1936, p. 129.
[17] Louisville Free Public Library, *op. cit.* p. 76.

dreds of singing roustabouts loaded and reloaded the cargoes of meat and flour, hemp and cotton, that passed between the North and South in pioneer times.[18] Jim Porter, the Kentucky Giant, lived and died on the island. He was undersized in his early boyhood, but at 15 he began to grow rapidly, reached the ultimate height of 7 feet, 9 inches, weighing 300 pounds. Charles Dickens visited him at Shippingport and put him into his *American Notes*.[19]

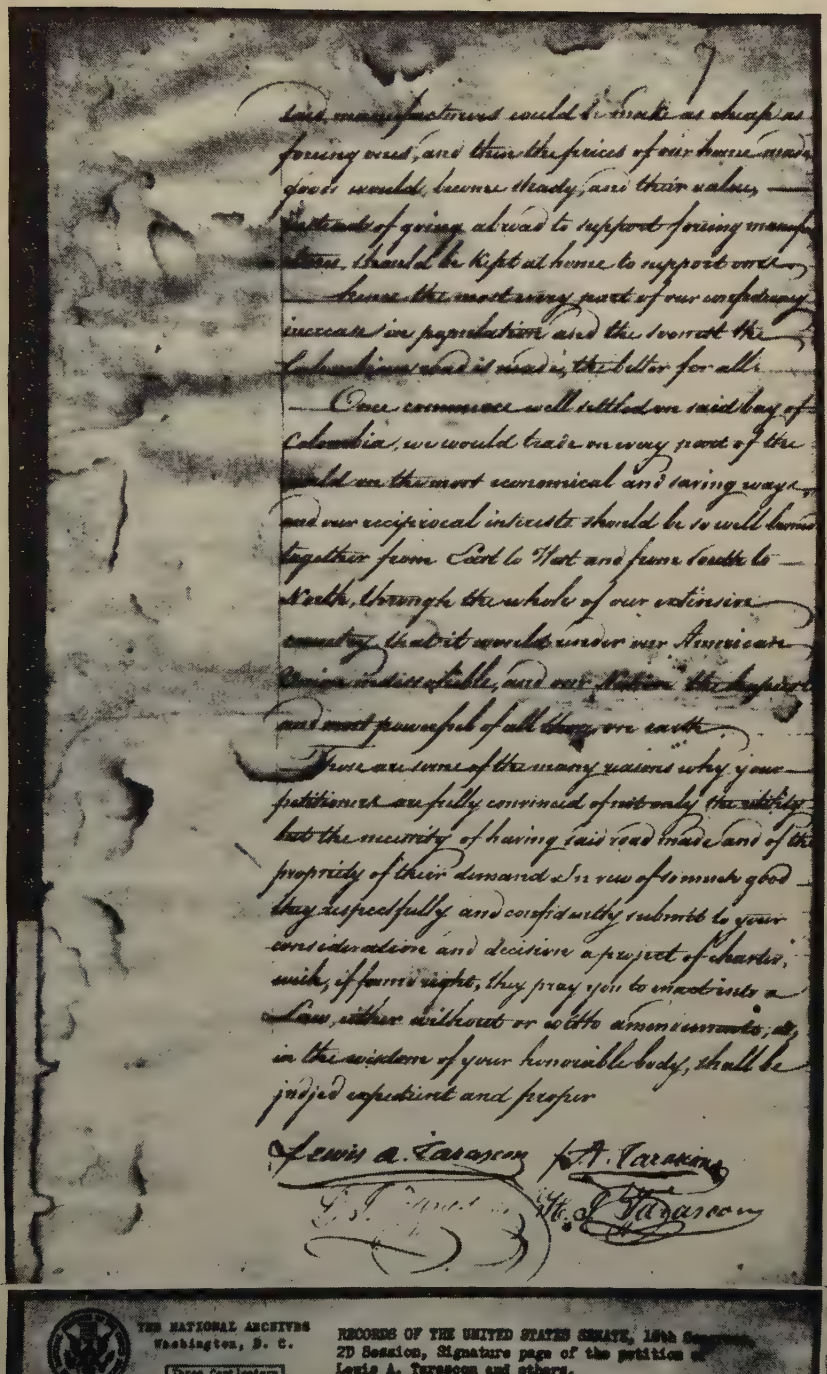
We return you now to the flour mill project, quoting Josiah Stoddart Johnston:[20]

> In 1815 after seven years in clearing away trees and thinking about how they would build, John and Louis Tarascon began the foundation of a flourishing mill, illy located and on too large a scale for the times. . . . It was located in Shippingport and the building was six stories high. Its power was derived from the falls of the Ohio through a canal cut for the purpose. The mill was a failure and the Tarascons lost their investment.

It is an evidence of his strength of character that Louis A. Tarascon rose above this misfortune but his brother John, after the years of prosperity, could not stand adversity. It is said that he shot himself and died from the wound, being buried in the yard of a friend as the cemeteries would not permit the interment of a suicide. The French colonists under the leadership of the Tarascons, according to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (8:624) "were or at least should have been Catholics, but the early missionaries do not appear to have considered them very faithful children of the Church." John Anthony Tarascon's will, probated September 5, 1825, left his estate to his four children. Follows an extract:[21]

> Having expended large sums of money in the erection of mills, wharfs and other public and private buildings in the town of Shippingport, and as it might not be advantageous to children to dispose of property at once, he appoints his brother Louis Anastasius Tarascon to take control with

[18] *Idem*, p. 192.
[19] Young E. Allison, *op. cit.* p. 26.
[20] Josiah S. Johnston, ed., *Memorial History of Louisville . . . to the Year 1896*, p. 72.
[21] Katherine G. Healy, comp., "Calendar of Early Jefferson County, Kentucky, Wills," in *The Filson History Quarterly*, April 1932, p. 296.



and manufactures would be made as cheap as foreign ones, and then the prices of our home made goods would become steady, and their value, instead of going abroad to support foreign manufactures, should be kept at home to support our own. Hence the most every part of our country would increase in population and the interest of Columbia would be made the better for all.

Our commerce well established on said Bay of Columbia, we would trade in every part of the world on the most economical and saving ways, and our reciprocal interests should be so well bound together from East to West and from South to North, through the whole of our extensive country, that it would render our American Union indissoluble, and not fear the hostile and most powerful of all things on earth.

These are some of the many reasons why your petitioners are fully convinced of not only the utility but the necessity of having said road made, and of the propriety of their demand. In view of so much good they respectfully and confidently submit to your consideration and decisive a project of charter, such, if found right, they pray you to enact into a Law, either without or with amendments, as in the wisdom of your honorable body, shall be judged expedient and proper.

Lewis A. Tarascon for A. Tarascon

H. L. Tarascon

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
Washington, D. C.

RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE, 18th Congress, 2D Session, Signature page of the petition of Louis A. Tarascon and others.

power to manage the business, lease, sell, etc. and to act as Executor without security.

Miss Edna J. Grauman, Head, Reference Department, Louisville Free Public Library, has graciously supplied the data below which the Library obtained from the Louisville Cement Company:

1807, John Anthony Tarascon bought land; 1814, he built flour mill; 1825 first cement made; 1842, John Hulme & Frank McHarry leased mill; 1845, Hulme & McHarry bought mill; 1866, Louisville Hydraulic Cement & Water Power Co. (now known as Louisville Cement Co.) bought the mill; 1892, mill burned down—left walls only; 1924, Louisville Cement Co. sold to Louisville Hydro-Electric Co.; 1940, The Hydro-Electric Co. says that there is still standing one piece of wall about thirty feet long.

The present writer is happy now to have reference to an interesting piece of original source material—the manuscript petition to the United States Congress, with the autograph signatures of Lewis (*sic*) A. Tarascon and his three brothers: L. J., J. A., and H. J. Tarascon. This document is in the custody of the National Archives at Washington, D. C. It is also available in printed form as Senate Document No. 2, 18th Congress, 2d Session, Washington 1824, and may be found in the Congressional serial volume 108. Its title is: *Petition of Lewis A. Tarascon, (and others) praying the opening of a Wagon Road, from The River Missouri, North of the River Kansas, to the River Columbia.*

In the petition the Tarascons proposed, that Congress allow them "reasonable compensation for their expenses, toils, and privations, by the grant of some of those unsettled lands." An act of incorporation was included for the Missouri and Columbia Road Company. Its seal was to represent America, "a beautiful woman, her right foot on the Rocky mountains, her left one on the Alleghany . . ."

Senator Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky presented the petition December 13, 1824. On his motion it was ordered that it be printed for use of the Senate. It was referred

on the 27th to the select committee on Roads and Canals. On January 12, 1825 this committee was discharged from further consideration of the petition. There is no evidence of its ever being called up again.

In his pamphlet, *L. A. Tarascon, to His Friends,* 1836, he seeks to revive the Wagon Road proposition through private subscription. His enthusiasm for it had not abated and he claimed that had not the Louisville and Portland Canal destroyed Shippingport he would have personally begun execution of his plan, "reserving my applications to you for help until proof of successful march."[22]

In the Rare Book Room of the Library of Congress an interesting Tarascon broadside was examined: *Lewis A. Tarascon of Shippingport, Ky., To the people of the United States, on the propriety of establishing a Waggon (sic) Road, from the River Missouri to the River Columbia, of the Pacific Ocean.* It bears no date.

While planning the wagon road he journeyed in the West seeking a proper site for the town to be called Startspoint. It was to be a communistic settlement for which he compiled a numbered series of 32 "Conditions." The 10th rule provided: "As originator of the plan, and its first executor, I, the said Tarascon, will under the title of president, reside, free of charges for support, at the establishment,, as long as I will live." Celibacy was to be "guarded against by early and other marriages." Tarascon was to select as collaborators and counsel, "three or more but not less than three of the certificate holders residing at the establishments." The daily life was to be regulated with the ringing of a bell from dawn to bed time. Everyone had his or her assigned task or duty.[23]

A word about James Berthoud who had "a handsome house" in Shippingport and who was connected with "Mr. Tarascon of Louisville in one of the finest rope walks in the United States."[24] A rope walk, no doubt, was a practi-

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[22] *L. A. Tarascon To His Friends, op. cit.* p. 11.

[23] *Louis Anastasius Tarascon, to His Fellow Citizens of the United States of America . . . .*, New York, H. D. Robinson, 1837. Reprint: Tarrytown, N. Y., W. Abbatt, in *The Magazine of History*, Extra Number, No. 148, pp. 193, 196, 204.

[24] Fortesque Cuming, *Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country . . . Commenced 1807 and Concluded in 1809*, Thwaites 4 :260.

cal investment in those days but one wonders whether Mr. Berthoud did not keep his financial skirts clear of the expensive machinery of the huge mills, and the lumbering wheels on chimerical wagon roads. In Pittsburgh he had advertised his general store; in the Louisville *The Focus of Politics, Commerce, and Literature,* February 28, 1827, appeared another under his son's name:

> Berthoud's Warehouse Shippingport, commission business in all its branches and will store, receive and forward goods . . . 20 years experience. Having during the last summer made additions to my former wharf (immediately above the mouth of the Canal) goods can at all times be landed there . . . Feb. 13. N. Berthoud.

This was continued in subsequent issues to October 9, 1827, and would seem to indicate a continued prosperity in the Berthoud family. James Berthoud's will, probated September 3, 1819, devised his estate to his wife Anna Julia for life, and at her death, to his son Nicholas Berthoud forever.[25]

In the 1840's James Hall noted the inadequacy and "extravagant tax on commerce" of the Louisville and Portland Canal. Also he tells of being hurried from Louisville to Shippingport "without breakfast and in the rain" to board a boat advertised to start at 8 o'clock that morning and which did not actually leave until the third day after.[26] Our sympathy is offered to the shade of traveler Hall. However, his statement and the Berthoud advertisement would seem to indicate that Shippingport was a place of some consequence after Tarascon had despaired of it. But certainly it was declining. Today it is an election district of Louisville.

Samuel M. Wilson, writing of the prominent French strain in the pioneer population of Louisville, mentions among other family names the Tarascons, the Duponts and DePauws.[27] Louis A.'s name appears in a committee

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[25] Katharine G. Healy, *op. cit.* p. 173.
[26] James Hall, *The Commerce and Navigation of the West,* 1849, pp. 77, 135-6.
[27] Samuel M. Wilson, "Pioneer Kentucky in its Ethnological Aspect," in *Register of the Kentucky State Historical Society,* 1933, 31:289.

of 13, appointed to arrange for the reception of General Lafayette in Louisville, May 1825.

Somebody "read with much interest the manuscript journal of L. A. Tarascon, from Philadelphia to New Orleans made in 1799," quoting from the *History of the Ohio Falls Counties,* but whether that manuscript still exists or was ever printed, has not been disclosed. Mrs. Regina Roche's *Children of the Abbey* is occasionally mentioned as having something to do with Shippingport or its people. We have not been able to discern the connection but must confess that the novel did not induce an absorbed cover to cover reading.

While noting different pronunciations of the name and the cedilla mark sometimes under the 'c' we state that the latter is certainly incorrect and that ta-ras-kon probably approximates the proper sound.

The profile portrait of Louis A. Tarascon made by St. Memin in 1801 and of which there are the mezzotint prints extant, shows his prominent chin, keen nose and eye of productive imagination. Who shall say that his persistent advocating of the development of commerce with the West had not an effect on our country's economic history?

Sesqui-Centennial Celebration of the Treaty of Greene Ville

By L. J. Priestley

During the week of July 29 to August 3, 1945, the people of Ohio and surrounding states celebrated the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville. This treaty made possible the settlement of the Northwest Territory without molestation by the various tribes of Indians that inhabited that region. It was signed on August 3, 1795, and has been called one of the most significant acts in all our history.

The celebration of the anniversary of the signing of this treaty was climaxed on August 3 by two programs. The first was the unveiling of the Howard Chandler Christy painting depicting the signing of the treaty, and was held in the afternoon in the City Park Stadium at Greenville, Ohio. Among the speakers for this occasion were the Hon. Frank J. Lausche, Governor of Ohio; the Hon. Robert Crosser of Cleveland, member of Congress; and the Hon. Harold H. Burton, then United States Senator from Ohio but now Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Other prominent persons participated in the program. Howard Chandler Christy was introduced as the painting was unveiled and pointed out the chief characters involved in the signing of the treaty.

At the closing session of the celebration in the evening, the ceremony of Extinguishing the Council-fire at the Altar of Peace was held. This fire is lit every year on June 16—the date of the anniversary of the convening of the peace council—and is kept burning until August 3, when it is extinguished. On this occasion Fred D. Coppock presented Wayne Memorial Park, where the Altar of Peace has been erected, to the State of Ohio. The chief

speaker for this ceremony was the Hon. James Garfield Stewart, Mayor of Cincinnati.

The Revolutionary War ended with the signing of the Treaty of Paris on September 3, 1783. For sometime after the treaty was signed the British continued to hold some of the forts in Ohio and Indiana. They were thus able to keep the Indians stirred up and open hostilities between the Indians and the whites continued from 1785 to 1795. The Indians not only molested the white settlers who dared to make their homes in Ohio and Indiana, but they also crossed the Ohio River and attacked settlers in many parts of West Virginia.

Congress enacted the Ordinance of 1787—described as the noblest piece of legislation ever enacted by Congress —so that the great Northwest Territory, which was destined to be cut up into the five great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, might be opened to settlers. But because of the British refusal to move out of Detroit and the other forts they held in Ohio and Indiana and the fact that the Spanish had cut off navigation down the Mississippi this Act of Congress was a dead letter. Both the British and the Spanish were using the Indians to fight off the pioneers who were gradually arriving in this potentially rich territory.

The number of Indians in the Territory was not large —probably not more than 15,000. They represented the following tribes: Delawares, Potawatomies, Wyandots, Shawnees, Miamis and Eel Rivers, Chippewas, Ottawas, Weas and Pinkeshaws, Kickapoos, and Kaskaskias. These Indians scattered throughout the Territory made it impossible for white settlers to inhabit the area without great danger to their lives.

The seat of government for the Territory had been established at Marietta in 1788. Fort Washington at Cincinnati and other settlements sprang up along the north bank of the Ohio. These settlements caused the Indians to become inflamed because they had desired to make the Ohio River the perpetual boundary between themselves and the

whites. The result was that many of the settlers were massacred.

The situation was alarming. President Washington ordered General Josiah Harmar to clear the section of the Indians. After some fighting on the Miami and St. Marys Rivers his army was divided and finally defeated about twenty miles from what is now Fort Wayne, Indiana. This expedition was made in 1790. General Harmar had an army of fourteen hundred and fifty men.

During the following months the situation became so critical that General Arthur St. Clair, a Scotchman by birth who had rendered valuable service to the British army during the French and Indian wars, but who later espoused the cause of the American colonists during the Revolution, was placed in command of a second expedition against the Indians in 1791. General St. Clair's men left Fort Washington in September. A fort was built on the Great Miami River and named Fort Hamilton. On October 4, St. Clair left Fort Hamilton with two thousand men and was followed on the next day by 350 Kentucky Militia. They advanced forty-four miles by October 12, and built Fort Jefferson. On October 24, they reached what is now Greenville, Ohio, where, because of inclement weather, sickness, and shortage of supplies, they camped till the thirtieth of the month.

About sixty of the men deserted here. The First Regiment was sent back to intercept them and the rest pushed forward and on November 3, arrived on the eastern upper branch of the Wabash River where they camped on a rising strip of ground. There were now about 1400 of them. Early the following morning St. Clair and his men were surprised and surrounded by a large force of Indians who shot at the stupefied troops "from behind trees, logs, and underbrush, from sunrise to the middle of the morning." The Americans were forced to retreat, leaving half of their army and practically all of their equipment on the field of battle. This has been declared the most disastrous

defeat ever suffered by an American army at the hands of the Indians.

The defeat of St. Clair cast a gloom over the Ohio frontier settlements and caused an abrupt cessation of immigration. The shock of defeat was felt throughout the nation. President Washington made earnest efforts to secure peace with the Indian tribes of the area, and much time was consumed in futile negotiations while the Indians continued to insist that the Ohio River should be the final boundary between them and the whites.

Mad Anthony Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, succeeded St. Clair and went to Pittsburgh in June, 1792, for the purpose of organizing an army to do the work that both Harmar and St. Clair had failed to do. Some of St. Clair's troops became the nucleus of General Wayne's army. In April, 1793, he proceeded with some twenty-five hundred troops to Fort Washington. Most of these men were from Ohio, Kentucky, and what is now West Virginia.

A military road was cut from Fort Washington to St. Clair's camping site five miles beyond Fort Jefferson. This point was reached on October 13, 1793, by Wayne and a force of twenty-six hundred regulars, thirty-six guides and spies, and three hundred and sixty mounted militia. The season being so far advanced Wayne dismissed the Kentucky Militia and decided to go into winter quarters. A large fortification covering some fifty acres was erected and named Greene Ville in honor of Wayne's fellow officer in the Revolution, General Nathaniel Greene. This fort was destined to be the site of some of the most important events of the Ohio frontier.

After much maneuvering in the winter of 1793-94 during which time Fort Recovery was built and Wayne's soldiers were trained in Indian warfare, Wayne with about three thousand troops left Fort Greene Ville and traveled a circuitous route to the north bank of the Maumee River where on August 20, 1794, they met a large force of Indians and their Canadian allies in what has been known

as the Battle of Fallen Timbers. The Americans routed the Indians at the point of the bayonet, driving them more than two miles in one hour through the tall grass and the thick woods. The Indians and the Canadians fled with terror and dismay, leaving the Americans in quiet possession of the field of battle. Theodore Roosevelt said of this battle, "It was the most complete and important victory ever gained over the Northwestern Indians during the forty years' warfare to which it put an end."

Just before the Battle of Fallen Timbers Wayne had built Fort Defiance at the junction of the Auglaise and Maumee Rivers. After the battle he built Fort Wayne at the forks of the Maumee River. Then he returned to Fort Greene Ville where he established headquarters and began the negotiations with the various tribes of Indians that made the signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville possible.

From January to July, 1795, tribal representatives straggled into the headquarters camp. Actual negotiations began on June 16 and continued until August 3 when the treaty was signed.

"Among the Americans at the peace council were William Henry Harrison, aide de camp to General Wayne and later President of the United States, William Wells and Isaac Zane, famous pioneer scouts and Indian fighters, and William Clark and Meriwether Lewis, later leaders of the expedition which secured the American claim to the territory which includes Idaho, Washington, and Oregon.

"The Indians were represented by their great chiefs. The leader of the confederated tribes during Wayne's campaign was Tarhe, the Crane, chief of the Wyandots. It was Tarhe to whom Wayne delivered the duplicate of the Treaty of Greene Ville, engrossed on parchment. The great war captain of the Indians was Little Turtle, a chief of the Miami nation. He took a prominent part in the negotiations, pressing the Indians to accept peace because he recognized the potential military strength of the whites.

Little Turtle had the two military victories over Harmar and St. Clair to his credit. He did not assume the responsibility of war captain in the campaign which ended in the Indian defeat at Fallen Timbers, for he felt that resistance was useless and that the Indians stood to gain more from a peaceful settlement of the conflict. Opposite Little Turtle in his attitude on resistance stood Blue Jacket, chief of the Shawnees, who led the Indian forces at Fallen Timbers. This implacable enemy of the Americans had been enticed to ally himself with the British. During the wars, it is said that he wore the red coat of an English soldier and held the commission and received the half pay of a brigadier general. At the peace council, however, he was wearing a blue coat which had been given him some years before by the Americans. Another noted chief was Buckongehelas of the Delawares who stood second only to Little Turtle as a war leader. About 1100 Indians gathered at the fort during the peace negotiations. It was Wayne's difficult task to feed these Indians and keep them happy during the peace council meetings."

A pamphlet prepared by the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society, from which much of the information in this article is taken, says:

"The most important section of the Treaty of Greene Ville fixed a boundary line between the Indians and the Americans. This line ran up the Cuyahoga River from its mouth to the portage of the Tuscarawas, then to the forks above Fort Laurens. There the line turned west southwestward to the fork near Fort Loramie, then to Fort Recovery, and from there directly to the north bank of the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Kentucky River. In addition certain strategic sites in the Indian country were reserved by the United States for posts and for roads. In return the Treaty promised to deliver to the tribes immediately $20,000 worth of goods, and each year a quantity of useful goods valued at $9,500. Wayne had to bribe the recalcitrant Blue Jacket with a $300-dollar annuity to win his adherence to the Treaty.

"The Treaty of Greene Ville was the signal for the spread of settlement up the river valleys into the interior of Ohio. It signified a change in the manner of living for the Ohio frontiersmen too. So long as there was danger of Indian attacks, the pioneers settled in villages for mutual protection. After the Treaty was signed, a large part of the Ohio country became safe for the owners of isolated farms. Agriculture took on greater importance as the great productive effort of the people of the Ohio region. New towns, the centers of agricultural communities, sprang up within a year or two after the signing of the Treaty. Among them were Hamilton, Middletown, Lebanon, and Dayton in the Miami Valley; Chillicothe and Franklinton (Columbus) in the Scioto Valley; Lancaster and Athens in the Hocking Valley; and Zanesville in the Muskingum Valley. In 1796 surveys of the Western Reserve began under the Connecticut Land Company, and settlements were started at Cleveland and Youngstown in that year.

"The influx of immigrants into Ohio was encouraged by road building, improvements in river craft, the establishment of ferries on many streams, the erection of taverns, the development of the postal service, and the surveying and clearing of lands by speculators. By 1800 the census showed a population of 45,365 in seven counties, including part of Michigan. The year following the signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville found the citizens of Ohio agitating for statehood. By 1802 or 1803, the population was sufficiently strong to win this recognition from the national Congress. Ohio became the seventeenth state of the Union, and the first to be carved out of the Northwest Territory."

A great historian said that William Penn's treaty with the Indians was the only one that was never broken by them. But the Treaty of Greene Ville was another one that was never broken. It is said that Chief Little Turtle was the last one to sign the Treaty and remarked as he did so, "I am the last to sign this Treaty; I will also be the last

to break it." He did not break this pledge. Nor did any other tribe that was a party to the Treaty.

The sesqui-centennial celebration of the signing of the Treaty of Greene Ville has done much to make known the facts concerning a historical event that is of far greater significance to the history of our country than most people realize. Lowell Thomas gave a report of the celebration in his news broadcast on August 3. The newspapers of the central west gave much space to this event and thousands of people visited Greenville during the week of celebration.

My Life:
Emma Cornelia Alderson, 1938

EDITED *by* EMMA FRANCES ALDERSON

Emma Cornelia Alderson, the daughter of George Alderson, Sr., and Mary Jane (Hines) Alderson, was born May 15, 1860,[1] in the house built in 1777 by Elder John Alderson, her great-grandfather, on lands patented by him. Elder John Alderson left the tract to his son, John (River Jack); he, to his son George, the father of Emma. She inherited about 200 acres of the original tract, which had never had a deed made to it, and willed it to a cousin, John Marshall Alderson, III, with the request that he will it to his son.

Tuberculosis brought tragedy to the children of George Alderson, Sr. Dr. William Alderson returned from Texas and died of the disease January 24, 1901. Bernard Carroll died of the same, August 14, 1905; George, Jr., June 29, 1907; and Virginia, Mrs. Charles B. Rowe, October 1914.[2] However, three of the family escaped. Ida, the only full sister, who was a very delicate girl, did not reach maturity; J. Carey of Logan died with cirrhosis of the liver May 6, 1934[3]; and Emma herself.

After the founding of Alderson Academy, the school was really her life. During the absence of her brother Bernard in 1902, she administered the work without interruption. Her brother, George Alderson, assisted until he went to the West Virginia Legislature, and then her sister, Virginia. She herself made trips into the neighboring counties in the interest of the school. In the summer of 1903 she took courses in school administration at Chautauqua, New York, in order to learn the most advanced methods of school procedure.

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1 Alderson Family Bible (Record of Births).
2 Alderson, Emma Frances, Alderson Baptist Academy and Junior College and Its Founders (Thesis) 1943, page 28.
3 Letter, Joseph N. Alderson to Author, November 13, 1945.

She was principal of the school until 1911 when the Baptist General Association assumed control, but for the next two years she served as lady principal, teacher of French and preparatory work. In 1913 the trustees again elected her principal, which position she held until 1919,[4] when the school was raised to the rank of junior college.[5] She was dean and teacher during the years 1919-22. At the end of this period she resigned her position and returned home, allegedly because of the illness of her aged father, but most likely because she and the new president could not agree on school policy. In 1925, the students and faculty welcomed her return as president emeritus and dean of women. They expressed great appreciation for her services and admiration for her ability to stimulate interest among the pupils. Her father had died in 1924, and she brought her stepmother to the dormitory so that she could care for her. She served as dean of women until 1932, when the school, for financial reasons, was forced to merge with Broaddus College and move to Philippi, West Virginia.

Heartbroken, she spent the remainder of her life at "Sunset Hill," built in the 1880's. She was regular in attendance to all services of the Old Greenbrier Church and to the meetings of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She occupied herself with writing, and with her memories. Considerable of her correspondence was with distant relatives or descendants of the pioneers of Greenbrier and Monroe Counties, who were interested in genealogy. She must have felt lonely, indeed, as evidenced by "My Life." As she was the only member of her family living (Mrs. Rowe gave birth to two children, who died at birth), there was no one to share the empty days of her retirement. She spent much time writing family history, her recollections, *A History of the Greenbrier Church,* and "My Life."

The letters from graduates and pupils of her school days

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[4] Alderson, Thesis, p. 45.
[5] *Ibid,* p. 66.

revived the time when she had longed to rest, but could not. Re-reading the letters of her sister and brothers which she kept in neat order in her desk brought back happy memories, as well as tears.

To the end she entertained the hope that Congress would pay her, the heir of a trustee of Alleghany College, for the property that was burned by Federal troops in 1864. Had it done so, she would have re-opened Alderson Junior College. However, in this her hopes were blighted, for on September 18, 1937, Representative John Kee of Bluefield, West Virginia, wrote to her to the effect that the Committee on War Claims had refused to report out her bill in the last session of Congress.

According to the Greenbrier *Baptist,* November, 1901, Alleghany College was established by the Baptists of Virginia in 1860, at Blue Sulphur, [West] Virginia, near Alderson. The president was Dr. William E. Duncan; some of the students were: Dr. W. P. Walker, Huntington; Dr. J. W. Carter, Spencer; Judge Nelson Campbell, Union; George Perry, Ronceverte; J. M. Argabrite, Muddy Creek; Captain A. M. Buster and T. H. Jarret, Blue Sulphur; Dr. J. T. Kannon, Virginia; Dr. J. L. Lodge, Maryland; the Reverend John Taylor, Staunton, Virginia; and Major J. C. Alderson, Washington, D. C.[6] A picture of Alleghany College, which contained several buildings and a campus of ten acres, is in the possession of John M. Alderson, III, Alderson, West Virginia. The property was a resort hotel, Blue Sulphur Springs Hotel.

When writing "My Life," Miss Alderson had yet to make the most thrilling trip of all, the pilgrimage (1939) to the grave of Elder John Alderson, Sr., in the Linville churchyard near Fincastle, Virginia.[7] Although the grave is unmarked and the church is in ruins, she must have felt that she stood on hallowed ground and regretted that she had not been able to keep alive her school, Alderson Junior College, her contribution to the family tradition.

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[6] Alderson, Thesis, pp. 47-49.
[7] Conversation of John M. Alderson and the author, December 9, 1945.

Her last four trips were made to the Chesapeake and Ohio Hospital in Clifton Forge, Virginia, in hope of regaining her health, but insidious cancer took its toll. She died at "Sunset Hill" on August 31, 1942, and was buried near the Greenbrier Baptist Church and the grave of Elder John Alderson, Jr., and in sight of the empty building belonging to Alderson Junior College.[8]

At seventy-eight years of age, she wrote "My Life" and carefully omitted any dates that might tell her age. The reason for this may be that she did not want to be considered too old to be a part of her school, if it reopened. Perhaps that too explains why she kept those "red curls" red until the last.

This is the first publication of the following manuscript which is in the possession of John M. Alderson, III, of Alderson, West Virginia. A few sentences have been shortened, and some punctuation and a few words supplied in order to make the reading easier. As the manuscript was crowded into a small notebook, few paragraphs were indicated; however, the penmanship was done carefully and legibly.

MY LIFE, 1938

I am wondering why I take the trouble to write about myself, as there is nobody who will care to read it. I suppose it is just to fill up my lonely hours. I think most hearts are lonely at times. There is always a little reserve corner into which no one but God can penetrate, and when one has lost all who are nearest and dearest to her by ties of blood, one is lonely indeed. Truly man's (human) life is of "few days and full of trouble." Three score years and ten is as a day that is past, so short that one need not desire it. One third of life is spent in preparation, one third in work, and one third in vain regret at not using it better, or in waiting for the end—a tale that is told. It is given to few of us to know just why we have been

[8] Alderson, Thesis, p. 52.

given life at all, or how best to use it. So having no vision, we flounder about, not knowing what to do with it. Life is still a mystery, I would say with Mrs. Baibauld:

Life I know not what thou art
But know that thou and I must part,
And where or how we met,
I owe to me 'tis a mystery yet,
Life we've been long together
Thru pleasant and cloudy weather
Then steal away and give little warning
Choose thine own time
Bid me not good night,
But in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.

The first remembrance of my childhood was between three and four years of age, when the Alderson home, on the banks of Greenbrier where the Alderson house now stands, burned. While it was burning and everyone was taking out the furniture, I fled into the kitchen and stood, fascinated, close in the chimney corner watching the flames. I was missed and my old Negro mammy [who] located me, caught me by the arm, and leaped out the side door as the roof fell in. I wonder why I was saved. Had I died then I would have missed so much suffering. There have been snatches of sunshine and some enjoyment, certainly, but not enough to pay for the clouds.

Not long after this, the next episode, [which was] impressed on my memory, was of some one holding me in his arms (probably my Father) above my Mother's casket. Of course, I could not know what this meant, the greatest loss any child could ever know—a good Mother. All my life I have longed for her, for some one with whom I came first. Never in all one's *life to be first* with some one—I think this has been one of my greatest sorrows.

Another hazy recollection occurred when I was two or three years old. I seem either to remember or to have heard so often that it seems real to me of soldiers carrying me about in their arms while encamped here.

After my Mother's death, began a new existence for me

and my baby sister, Ida Norvell.[9] I do not recall that any one was really unkind, but we were left to shift for ourselves, as it were. And I feel sure my sister's bad health dates from near this time. I was a very sensitive, shrinking child, nervous and timid. I was not a pretty child. Everybody, even uncles and aunts, whom I adored, and who should have known better, teased me about my red curls, and that made me very sensitive. There was a legend in the family that away back generations before a young mother's child had a red head as a curse on her for making fun of a red head in her girlhood, and that all down the line at least one child had a red head. No one tried to train me into good manners or teach me to care for my nails, hair, or teeth. Only my Father trained me to "bathe my body well and wear clean petticoats" (which I still try to observe). All thru my childhood I used the language of the darkies, of those about me, and of my schoolmates. But my elders who knew better, did not correct me, only thought it was funny and laughed. Only my Father helped me and early provided me with good reading matter. When I was very tiny he cut letters from the newspapers and taught them to me.

When I was five years old Miss Matt Brown of Lewisburg taught a summer session in the old church, and my Father, thinking it might keep me from mischief, hired the ferryman to take me across the river during the session, but I preferred the short cut and waded every day across the river at the middle ford. Miss Matt was very nice to me, and taught me to read. I seem to have been her favorite pupil, probably because I was the youngest pupil. I met with several mishaps, chief of which was falling head first into the "Baptist Spring." The spring was confined in a bee gum sunk into the ground and when we wanted a drink we lay down on the ground and drank from the spring. It was a favorite pastime for some one to come along and push our heads under water, when we drank. Once some one played this gentle trick on me. I

[9] The only full sister of brother, Alderson Family Bible, (Record of Births).

lost my balance, my head hit the bottom, and I stayed there until some one large enough came and pulled me out. That was a second time [that] I just missed passing on.

A third time occurred when my Uncle Andy Ellis came to see my Father. He and I were at the lower ford. They had put me on my uncle's horse (I was a good horseman even at that early age) and I went trotting off, but the horse ran under a tree and a heavy low hanging limb knocked me off on the hard ground. Father ran, picked me up, and dipped my head in the river. After some anxious moments, I came to life, and saw my little pink sunbonnet sailing down stream—and my uncle was compelled to wade after it.

The summer school Miss Matt taught was in the second church building (the first being a log building). The second building which I can just barely remember was of a nice quality of frame, nicely painted. A gallery ran around three sides of the room for the use of the slaves. The pulpit was high enough for the minister to see both floors. Later, about 1870, a third frame building was erected on the same spot by (13) thirteen men. I remember some that my Father mentioned: himself, Capt. J. G. Lobban, Wm. Miller, Billy Caraway, and George Carlile. I think George Perry. I do not remember any more.

These 13 men each gave $100.00 and built a very plain but substantial building that lasted until the present substantial cut stone building was erected on the identical site as the other three. The reason for the 13 men building the third church was that the country was in the throes of a terrible depression, a result of the War between the States, and which my Father said lasted twenty years.

About 189— the third church was renovated at a cost of $500, a new veiling, two dressing rooms with baptistry, a new floor. Electric lights were given by my brother, J. Carey Alderson, which improved and modernized the building. This was kept in neat repair until 19— when the present modern church of hewn stone consisting of a

number of rooms for educational purposes, a lady's parlor, a well equipped kitchen and basement dining room; which is all complete at this time except the main auditorium with a debt of $3,100.00 (1938). The building is of Gothic style with (10) ten memorial windows, four of which I have paid for. The three (3) over the Baptistry in memory of my great-grandfather, Elder John Alderson, the founder of the church and pastor forty years. And one of the windows on the south side of the church for my father, who was a deacon and Sunday School Superintendent for forty years. The grounds are well laid out with stone walks and evergreen trees, which present a pleasing appearance tho somewhat formal.

The Old Greenbrier Baptist Church was founded on Nov. 24, 1781 by Elder John Alderson, Jr., near the banks of the Greenbrier River in what is now Alderson, W. Va. His father, Rev. John Alderson, Sr., was born in Yorkshire, England in 1699. The youngest son of a titled family (the oldest son receives the title), John (the younger) became an Episcopal clergyman. His son, John, falling [fell] in love with a young woman undesirable to his father. The father gave him a horse and a well filled purse and told him to travel on the Continent of Europe a year and if he still desired to marry the girl on his return, he would not object to their marriage. Rev. John was a good psychologist, for when son John returned at the end of the year *sans horse sans money* he was standing on the wharf at Liverpool, England, watching a vessel weighing anchor for America. Without thought he ran across the gangplank and so turned his face toward America (the Promised Land).

Arriving in America penniless—his fare was paid by a Mr. Curtis and John promised to work it out. But before the year was out he had wooed and won Mr. Curtis's daughter, Mary Jane, (hence so many Curtis Aldersons). When their first little son was a few years old he sickened and died. This so grieved the father that he (as the old Chroniclers love to say) read his Bible and became a Bap-

tist. He also wrote his father, for the first time after coming to America, and told him all that had happened to him. The English father replied and sent him two books of theology (Episcopal) and wrote a brief history of the family. John the first in America preached first at the Old Bethlehem Church in N. J. and then in Germantown, Penn. Later he moving [moved] to Rockingham Co., Va. and became the first pastor of the Smith and Linville Creek Church in 1755. He later moved to a church in Fincastle, leaving his son, John, Jr. to take charge of the church, which was scattered by the Indians in 1775. John, Sr., died at Fincastle in 1781, age 82 years. "He was buried in a graveyard in the neighborhood, which was afterward abandoned and overgrown with tall oaks." John, Jr., known as "Elder John" (because the Established Church would not permit ministers in any other denomination to be called "Rev.") was ordained when he was about 17 years old and preached at his father's church (Smith and Linville Creek) for a short time. The Ketocton Asso. sending [sent] him on a tour of inspection to the wilderness of the Greenbrier. In 1777, being so pleased with this part of the country, he brought his family to Greenbrier River (now Alderson) and built a log cabin on the banks of the Greenbrier River (where the Alderson House now stands.) Later he built a large frame house on the same site which was known for its hospitality. He had previously married Mary Carroll of Md. (relative of Chas. Carroll of Carrollton). He and his brother-in-law, Wm. Morris, the first, who had married Nancy Carroll, sister of Mary, took up each 1080 acres of land (by patent), Elder John on the south side of the river and Wm. Morris on the north side. The latter sold his land to Elder John's children and moved to Kanawha Co.

Elder John Alderson (as has been noted) founded the Old Greenbrier Church Nov. 24th, 1781 with 12 members including himself, his wife, and his brother Thomas, a Revolutionary soldier with Gen. Nath. Greene who had gone to Yorktown to Washington's relief. The battle of

Yorktown had just been fought about three weeks before the founding of the Old Greenbrier Church. Elder John founded a church at Dropping Lick, Red Sulphur, New River—nine in all between here and the Ky. line. We learn that he was "a very spiritual man, a good thinker, with good judgment, and much respected." A very old man told me when he was a little lad his father made him "carry a gourd of water down to the road to Father Alderson" when he was passing. Elder John left the home place to his son, John, who occupied it in his lifetime and left it to his youngest son, George (my father). The house was burned in 1864 during a terrific wind storm (shingles were blown from the burning roof to the branch where the Harwood house now stands). Not much of the furniture could be saved. At this time the 45th Va. Regiment of Confederate soldiers was camped upon the hill S.E. of the town for several months. When the house burned the soldiers built on the same site two rooms, a small cook room, and side porch in which my Father, my baby sister, and myself lived. After my Mother's death another family came to live with us and take care of us. After a few years my Father married again—Mrs. Virginia Stevens Boyd whose young husband (Robin Boyd) was killed at the battle of Dry Creek (White Sulphur Springs) a good woman and good to me. Father probably could not have found a better stepmother but my mother's people naturally objected to her. A few years later my Father raised the two rooms to a second story and added five rooms—a hall, and a front porch, still standing along side of the Alderson House (1938).

The county road or turnpike across country followed from the branch at the Harwood home around the hill behind Dr. Nash's residence to the Greenbrier River to the Upper Ford, continuing [continued] W. to the Alderson home, where there was a Middle Ford. The road still continuing [continued] W. to the Lower Ford, near the Alley home. The Middle Ford was considered best and therefore given *more publicity*. This made the Alderson

home quite public and gave the family much company, especially at "church meeting" time when everyone had to attend or be churched. My Father said that it was not unusual even in his youth to entertain forty or more people over the week end. It was also the central point for the pioneers to gather their cattle and hogs from the mountains and drive them across the river—spending the night —feeding the herds and going on toward Lynchburg which was then the principal trading point nearest the mountains.

In 1786 Elder John applied to the Legislature of Virginia to establish a ferry[10] at this point which was done in that year and was the only means of crossing the river, when swollen, until 1880, when the first bridge was built. The old ferry house still stands opposite the site of the ferry about 100 yards above the bridge. Many prominent historic people crossed in the old ferry boat [who were] traveling North and South, especially between the mineral springs of which there were many. It is said that Gen. Crooks (Union) led an army of 5,000 men across the river during the War between the States. Among his men were a number who became prominent too, Garfield and McKinley who later became Presidents.

There were five Alderson families who lived in sight of each other until some years after the War. John on the south side of the river, Joseph on the north side in a large 2 and 1/2 story building with a large basement of several rooms, a stone house with lofty ceilings stood on the site of the Brown home (it was torn down to make place for the Brown home). There was a well kept lawn and an avenue with rows of walnut trees leading to the church which the family attended driving in their carriage. The land originally belonged to Wm. Morris and extended from the road in front of the church to the top of Keeny's Knob. It was this Joseph Alderson who willed the "Baptist Spring" to the "Baptist church and Public." He was also a member

[10] *Acts of Assembly* (Virginia), 1795 . . . "and from the land of John Alderson, in the county of Greenbrier, across Greenbrier river, to the land of William Morris, on the opposite shore, the price for a man fifty cents, and for a horse the same."

of the Va. Legislature which met at Richmond. His wife, Polly (Mary) Newman, was very thrifty and owner of many slaves. She had a great deal of weaving done and would pack great loads of various kinds of cloth on pack horses and with some of her servants go to Lynchburg to do her trading.

John Marshall Alderson lived in the home still or rather partly standing across E. from the H. B. Rowe home. A row of log cabins stood apart from the house where the slaves were housed. He married Miss Cornelia Coleman of Va. (from where I get my middle name). I should have stated that Joseph Alderson (above) was the father of Rev. Lewis Allen Alderson who was pastor of the Old Greenbrier Church several years, and also of Pattie Feamster and others. John Marshall Alderson was High Sheriff of Greenbrier Co. when it included Monroe, Summers, and some others.

East of the church over against the hill (now owned by John and Blanch Lobban) is the home of John first owned by John Marcus Alderson, grandson of Elder John. He married Malinda Patton; only two grandchildren are left of this union, Charles and Julia Alderson of Colo. This home stood for years as a synonim of hospitality. Around the hill up the river E. was the home of Rufus Alderson who was married to Hester Amen, a granddaughter of Elder John's father. All of these families found their greatest pleasure in the Old Greenbrier Church and dispensed hospitality to their friends and strangers. They were not wealthy but lived comfortably and well. The older generation have passed to their rewards thru the years and their descendants have scattered to many states—only a few are left in town.

I am the oldest of the old stock here—great-grand daughter of Elder John Alderson. John Marshall III, merchant, and his children, Mary and John Marshall IV, are seventh in descent; Preston Patton and his wife, Alice Alderson, are fifth. Elder John's 1080 acres extended from the river here to the mouth of Wolf Creek where he

had a grist mill. I can remember when my Uncle Albert Alderson's home occupied the lane above and E. of the mill and when Aunt Polly (Mary) Ellis' home was the farm now owned by the Vies. On this side (later known as the Perry farm) was owned by Joseph Alderson. The land lying along the river and reaching back to Joseph Alderson (Perry) farm and down the line of the Federal Institution was bequeathed to John Alderson (by his father Elder John, my great-grandfather). He in turn left it to George Alderson, his youngest child, my Father. All the original 1080 acres passed out of the family in three generations, except less than 200 acres where I live. It is unfortunate that the best land should have gone into town lots with so little return, as such splendid farm crops grew in the valley. A large apple orchard extended from home (present site of the Hotel Alderson) down to the line of the Federal Institution and was stocked with deer in my Father's youth. When the C. & O. R. R. came through in 1872 Gen. Wickham, the Pres., who became a friend of my Father's, told him he would drop the word *Ferry* and name this station *Alderson* for him. A town quickly sprang up and my Father sold all the level land off into town lots at $200.00 per, but this did not give him much money as the wide streets *took up* so much land. Then early in 1880 my Father decided that he had "too many cattle, pigs, and children" to live in the narrow strip between the R. R. and the river. So he sold the old home to John Walker Alderson, his nephew, and built a home on the hill E. of the town, the only time he *moved* in his lifetime or I in mine. Cousin John built the Alderson Hotel in what had been our garden.

My Father lived here at "Sunset Hill" very happily for the rest of *his life,* buying and selling cattle, acquiring land, and educating his children. He passed away in 1924 past 90 years of age. I wish that I had the vocabulary to pay a just tribute to his memory. He was not a handsome man yet he had about him that indescribable distinction that marked him as "somebody above the crowd." The

tribute paid to him in the article, by a great nephew and friend, in the Baptist *Banner* in my bound volume of "The Greenbrier *Baptist,*" is a true and accurate description of his life. He was of average height, lean and erect, with a heavy suit of black hair, but little grayed when he died. His very expressive eyes so often twinkled with humor of which he had an abundance or bent in tenderness or kindness on his children or a friend of which he had so many. He was a devout Baptist yet never in my hearing did he make an unkind remark in criticism of other denominations. For forty (40) years he was a deacon of the Old Greenbrier Church and S. S. Superintendent. He was well versed in Bible lore and Baptist doctrine as well as the doctrines of all the leading denominations. In politics he was a true Democrat (as all the Aldersons were after the passing of the Whig party). He was a Justice of the Peace for 35 (thirty-five) years and never had one of his decisions reversed. Men who knew him said "He knew more law than the majority of lawyers in his part of the state." He represented Monroe Co. in the State Legislature the last year it was held in Wheeling. He was a great reader and had a retentive memory, recalling many instances of his earliest childhood, (and I *regret* deeply not to have written down his reminiscences of the country and comments on the people).

He probably had a better education than any other man in this section. His Father maintained a school for his own children and his neighbors'. A few terms were taught by Jeremiah P. Stevens, a well prepared teacher from New Hampshire. Then he was sent to Lewisburg to a boys' school conducted by Rev..... Remley, a relative. From there to what is now Hollins College in Virginia before it became strictly a girls' school. He was present when it was turned over to Mr. Cox. Later my Father attended an Academy in Palestine (North Alderson) conducted by Prof. Stevenson, an alumnus of Richmond College, where the classics were carefully taught and Shakespeare's plays were given. This Academy deserves more

than a passing mention. The instructor must *have* had the gift of inspirational teaching for his students occupied prominent places in the life of the community. Besides my Father and Mother (Mary Jane Hines) [who] occupied a leading social position; [there were] her sister, Martha Cornelia Hines who married a leading physician (Dr. Henry Butts) in advance of city physicians of his time; my uncle John Hines, a leading business man in the West; James W. Hines, a leading physician of both Vas. and on Lee's staff the last year of the War between the States, and medical purveyor of the South; John Marcus Alderson, whose Latin translations equalled any writer's perfections; Rev. Jacob Lewis, a prominent Presbyterian minister and many others who helped to mold the citizenship of this community before and after the War of the States. This Palestine Academy stood just across and a little N. of the present Alderson College and was also the scene of the first S.(unday) S.(chool) as they were not allowed to be held in churches. (Referring to the study of the classics, I have heard my Father repeat the first two pages of Cæsar in Latin after he was past 90 years.)

After my summer session of school with Miss Matt Brown in the old church I went the next summer term at the little old school house that stood on the spot where the barn of the Fed. Inst. stands in the bend of Wolf Creek road. I can only remember the older Hines boys, first cousins, and the Jarrett boys—Mark Jarrett forever having me in tears for teasing me about my red curls, and his brother Floyd scolding him. I remember with great pleasure a fine spring on the hill in the hollow, where I had such a fine play-house made of moss, where I played for many hours alone. I went to school with a young uncle, John Hines, to whom I was devoted. Once Cousin Mollie White (such a fine horse woman from Lewisburg) came to visit Cousin Cornelia's family, rode out to school, took me on the horse before her. [We] loped down the road toward home when the saddle turned and we were both thrown on a pile of rails by the side of the road at the

Perry (Cousin Joe Alderson's old home) farm. Fortunately we were not seriously hurt. I can remember these great piles of rails lying along the side of the road [which were] intended to rebuild the fences that had been burned by the Union soldiers.

It was about this time that my Uncle John was invited to a Christmas tree at Cousin Marshall Alderson's home and I wept greatly to go with him. This was the first tree held in this community and was attended by a great crowd. My Uncle managed to put a candy rooster on the tree for me which I adored and treasured for many years. I think most of the presents on the tree came from the new store of Capt. J. G. Lobban at Palestine. One event I remember was the ready-to-wear petty-coat, [which] the richest young lady received. These made petty-coats were new to this section and the young woman begged her father to buy it, but he refused and the clerk in the store seeing her great disappointment, bought the skirt, rolled it up nicely and put it on the tree for her. I was much intrigued by the great excitement of the ladies *"in the know"* who tried to prevent the unwrapping of the present in the presence of the gentlemen.

After two or three—3 mo. sessions of summer school—school began to be a steady diet. Four (4) months terms followed monotonously. I went for the next few years to Hopewell, New Flat Mountain schools taught by Mr. Thos. Smithson, by Dr. Joe Alderson of Virginia, by my dear Uncle John Hines and others, I do not even remember. I was always more or less a lonely child and usually played alone in my moss play-house in the woods. A Mary Dempsey who lived with the Sanford Ethels on the river bank above the Ferry went with me to school. Her chief amusement was waiting until I climbed to the top of a staked and rider rail fence and then knocking me off, beating me, or destroying my lovely playhouse. But her choice bit of cruelty was calling me "Em." She knew how I hated it because everybody called me affectionately "Emmie" or "Emma Cornelia." How I feared and hated

her through those early years. My pleasantest memories cluster around the Ellis girls—Nan, Eliza, Matt, and Neal—and the Perry boys—Jim, John, Houston, and Crosby—all grown up—but they were good to me. Rhet Perry [was] a little older, but she was my best "buddy" during those early days at Hopewell. School days and school nights that I so often spent in the Perry home.

I always liked school and seemed to "get on." I soon mastered Smith's old Arithmetic and won many a good apple for "doing sums" for the grown ups and not infrequently I spelled the missed word and walked to the top of the class jauntily—but sometimes received pinches on the way. I also got to be pretty "good" in Eng. Grammar and whispered many an answer to the grown ups. Sometimes I would get tired of it and whisper the wrong words. Once while giving the Prin. Parts of Verbs, a large grown girl desperately pled with me to tell her the P.P.s of *think* and being in a bad mood, I whispered back, Pres. *think,* Past *thank,* Past *thUnk.* My Uncle John cast a knowing eye upon me and throwing the book in my lap, sent us to our seats and kept us *in* after school. This rarely happened to me, as I usually knew my lessons.

Later as the town grew a school house was built in the town. Of this I seem only to remember summer sessions. Then came a long private school taught by Mrs. Rebecca Read (a sister of Dr. Wm. Lee Barksdale, a long time physician here, and the mother of Tom Read, a lawyer of Hinton). Mrs. Read was a fine little lady, bright, witty, and filled a place in our lives we needed, emphasizing good English, good manners and neatness in person and dress, which were needed. The school was held in the old abandoned bar-room of the Virginia Hotel on the site of the whole-sale grocery building. My memory pleasantly clusters around Dora Mayo (who later married Jake Argabrite and moved to Colorado., where she died) and to Jenny Handcock (Later married to Alex. Smith) and to Tom Read who was always writing on his slate "E is my Sweetheart." Later H. R. Laird, a Pres. minister, came

here from Va. and started an academy in the new Presbyterian Church. My chief memory is of the Manns (Frank and Sam) and Johnsons, Jenny Smith, Cleo Nickel (later married to Mr. Minor Mohler) and moved to Charleston.

In its early days Alderson was a busy little town. Merchants were opening up stores, and the farmers were bringing in their produce to sell. While the R. R. was being built merchandise was brought down the river from Caldwell (end of R. R.) in bateaux (long narrow boats) that carried a considerable load and were quicker and more easily managed than wagons, because of the bad roads. The river had to be prepared by moving rocks from the bed and piling on each side to make a shoot or channel through which the boats could pass. In shallow places these channels can still be seen.

While the Big Bend Tunnel was being built, the contractors, foreman, etc., lived in Alderson. Among them were many fine Virginia gentlemen, such as Gordons, Randolphs, Hackets, etc. which made a fine social circle. Some of them boarded with my Father. They frequently gave *Square* dances—Va. Reel etc. at the Virginia Hotel (which stood on the present site of the W. & M. Wholesale Grocery Bldg.). Young ladies were scarce in the town and community and they would beg my Father to let me go to fill out a set. He did not like to refuse, so I had many a gay dance with some of Va.'s bluest blood, coming a little above their knees. I never learned to waltz, however, which is just as well, for it was hard enough to give up dancing when I came into the church, but I did abruptly, because my church forbad dancing. I gave it up of my own accord and have never danced since—except in fun at a house-party or two. Among the men, whom I remember who helped build up the town, was A. E. T. Scruggs of Va., first merchant to bring his goods here with him in bateau. Though Capt. Watts was already here with his store. Mr. Scruggs became the first P.M. after the first Post Office was opened, and was, I think, the first mayor and my

Father, first recorder. He, after establishing himself here, returned to Va. for his bride, Miss Woods, a good and beautiful woman. They were both members of the Baptist Church and prominent in the religious and social life of the town. (A son, "Manny," is a Baptist minister somewhere in Ky. today). Dr. Ben Sims was another fine young man who first practiced medicine here, though Dr. Thos. G. Clay had been here for years. Dr. Clay was married to Margaret Jarrett and lived in the old Ferry House. He very closely resembled Gen. Robt. E. Lee and spoke with a strong Va. accent, a good doctor. Dr. Sims married Miss Amanda Johnson (daughter of Thomas Johnson) who owned the farm at the turn of the Wolf Creek road, now owned by the Fed. Inst. for Women. Another I remember was Mrs. Quarrels of Va. She taught school one summer. I remember studying Natural Philosophy with her and thinking myself "pretty smart," but sad to say I had to stay in every day at recess until I memorized the "64 single substances."

I had one year at Johnson College, Union, [Monroe County] under Dr. Follansbee, Pres., a former pres. of a Texas college, a fine man and educator. He had a very good faculty. I got a great deal from the school and associations. It was really worth while. Then I had a year at Aspenwall School, Warm Springs, Va. under Miss Marion Fontaine Cabell, a former instructor in Johnson College, a splendidly cultured woman from Va.'s F. F. My memory of some schoolmates lingers with pleasure, Mary McDavid, a lovely girl; Nannie McDavid, her sister who has made a fine record as missionary to China; Lula Brown, who married a minister and has led a useful life. She was a Salem, Va. girl, and Dr. Poles' children—five girls and boys. While attending the Pres. church, I heard Rev. ..... Moon, son of the famous "Indian captive," Mary Moore Brown, captive of Abb's valley, over 80 years, preach from the text "Jehovah—Jireh," the Lord will provide.

After leaving school I taught a few public schools, then

a private school or two in Alderson, and in the family of Dr. Ben Irons, who then lived at Pickaway, Monroe Co. Then a group of girls had been collected for a Presbyterian woman who received a better offer in Texas, and Rev. H. R. Laird, my former teacher, insisted that I take the class. Several of the girls were near my age but we had a fine year together. Many of the girls have passed. Mrs. C. P. Nash was a lovely member of the class, and Maggie Collison of Nicholas Co. (now Mrs. L. E. McClung) got so much from the year's work with meager preparation, she got enough in the 9 months to give her a No. 2 certificate to teach and "made good."

During, before, and after this time I enjoyed all the social life this part of the country had to give (must I confess it?) never lacking for "boy friends." We had many fine young men in business, and the professions also —I had more than my share of "boy friends." I don't know why—My Father was prosperous then and lived well, but I was not even pretty. "Clean and wholesome" is about all I can claim. No doubt it would have been better for me to have married one of these young men who was doing well in life, but I was never mildly in love, but twice in my life. Once when very young and with one to whom my Father objected. Then when older I thot I had the real thing, with my Father's approval, but for certain reasons that I need not mention we parted. I fear I did not treat them fair but most of them married and "lived happily ever after," and sad to say most of my special friends have gone on to that "better land." Most of them were above the average in most respects and gave me many happy social hours.

Schools. During my childhood and early womanhood my Father (who was the last surviving trustee of Alleghany College at Blue Sulphur Springs, often spoke of the College, when in session and the fine work it did under its Pres. Dr. Duncan *just preceding* the War between the States. This College was a gift of the Baptists of E. Virginia to the Baptists W. of the Alleghanies and was the

first school of high grade in the state (West Va.). They were then one state. They were to pay $44,000.00 for the property, but the War came and the young men went in the Army and the College was burned by the Union soldiers in 1864. This school did a marvelous work during the few years it was in session, and turned out more jurists and D.D.'s than any school known in the same time. Hearing my Father speak so earnestly of its fine work my interest and enthusiasm grew until I longed to found a school along the same lines except co-educational.

Finally the psychological moment came in 1901. I had been teaching in the Methodist school in Alderson, the Alleghany Collegiate Institute but the way opened unexpectedly and I was quick to seize it. Prof. Anderson, prin. of the Methodist school in Alderson, said that the Methodist Conference was taking over the school and making it entirely Methodist, instructors and all, but *he* wanted me to remain in the school. I felt that the Methodists would not think this desirable and told him that it was a good time to start my own school. And it did seem best to me, for nearly two-thirds of the pupils were Baptists. Of course, Prof. Anderson did not want me to do this and made it very unpleasant for me.

Naturally he had his viewpoint but I went ahead and as if the right moment had come the old Greenbrier Male and Female Academy which had been rebuilt by Prof. Good, Presbyterian, several years before was up for *sale*. It was a good location, just opposite the Baptist Church. Tho I had secured a livery stable, not much used, and was planning to use it for music rooms, etc., I went to the Baptist parsonage to talk over the situation with my pastor, J. C. Killian. I spent the night with him and Mrs. Killian. We talked until 2 o'clock A. M., came to the decision to try to secure the Academy and get my brother to go in with me. Mr. Killian then knelt in prayer and asked the Lord to bless our effort. My brother Bernard Carroll Alderson was resting at home after a strenuous year of study in the Chicago Univ. We induced him to join the enter-

prise. Some friends were called together, a joint stock co. was formed, a Board of Trustees created, and the old Academy was purchased.

We opened school on Sept. 18, 1901, after only 3 weeks announcement. The opening day found forty pupils present and three teachers, Prof. Alderson, Miss Emma C. Alderson (*me*) and Miss Twombly of Mass. and Mr. Killian for Bible instruction, as it was to be a Christian school. Miss Twombly later married and went with her husband to the Alaska Orphanage to teach and later to missionary work in China. Before the end of the first month the number of pupils had increased to one hundred and Prof. Lethcher Shires was added to the Faculty for Math. and Science. The year was very successful and when we opened the second session the following Sept. 1902, there were a larger number of pupils; and one or two teachers were added. But the school sustained an irreparable loss in the illness and death of Prof. Alderson. Six weeks after the opening of school he was forced to seek a milder climate. He went to Fla. and died within the year.[11] I have continually regretted urging him to stay here that year. If he had sought a more congenial climate earlier his life might have been spared. Prof. Shires remained only the one year. When my brother was forced to leave, I was made Acting Prin. and so remained for ten (10) years. The school made a good name for itself. We averaged around (150) one hundred and fifty students with 6 members on the Faculty. Every room in the Dormitory was kept full and rooms were rented outside for boys.

In 1911 the stockholders relinquished their stock and the school became the property of the denomination (after much urging on their part) and many promises were made which were never fulfilled. Prof. E. M. Lowther of Va. was made Prin. He ran the school for one year, resigning and leaving a debt of $900.00. Prof. S. C. Bridges was made Prin. [He] also remained one year, resigning

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[11] For correct date, see p. 1, introduction.

and leaving a debt of $2,100.00. Then the Trustees decided I wasn't so bad and gave me the Principalship again which I held until 1920, when Dr. M. F. Forbell (our pastor at the Baptist Church) was elected Pres. and raised the school to Junior College grade and I became Dean of Women. Dr. Forbell resigned in 1925. In the meantime a large campus of 50 A had been secured, and the Alex McVeigh Miller home—mainly by the town. A $300,000.00 building erected (to which my brother J. Carey Alderson contributed $80,000.00). After Dr. Forbell's resignation a man (a stranger from the South) was made Pres., an utter failure (and worse) I (who had resigned under Dr. Forbell) was recalled and Rev. F. C. Herod (pastor of the Baptist Church) was made acting Pres. for the year. In 1926, Dr. J. A. Tolman of Georgetown College was made Pres., retaining his position for 3 years. Next Rev. Dr. W. S. Dunlop was made Pres. until 1932 when the school was merged with Broaddus College at Philippi.

None of the school heads advanced the number of students materially. I had as many students in the little old Academy as were ever in the new building with all its up-to-date conveniences. If I could have been allowed to keep the head of the school, I really believe with all the help that was given I could have made the school a success. What the school needed was some one to really love it and be desirous of its success. My pupils then and now have told me and still tell me "that no other school they had ever known or attended had meant the same" to them as A.B.A. The spirit was remarkable among the Faculty and students. Each gave to the school, almost without exception, his devotion and loyalty. The students brought many other students to the school. Many of these students are occupying responsible positions in their communities and making good citizens. Teachers who have taught in many schools of prominence tell me today that we had something here not felt in the other schools and kindly attribute it to my "giving myself heart and soul

to the school and placing Faculty and students first."

I think it is true and more, but I am not claiming anything for myself, but it was *my life*. I never thought of myself as the *Principal,* one on a pedestal to be treated as such. I had all the respect necessary, and was too busy to stand on my dignity. I was content to be a worker and so happy to have a Baptist school. Being "just a worker" meant I was on the job at 7 o'clock A. M. until 11 or 12 P. M. and many times until 2 A. M. Teaching my classes from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M., buying food, planning meals, attending to correspondence, doing office work, seeing agents, listening to students and teachers troubles, and getting up entertainments, all for which I had no salary.

My mother and sister-in-law *saw* that I had enough clothes, and for all my trying to do something for my Lord and the Baptists. No one has seemed to think I deserved anything. The Baptist Denomination have never felt the same loyalty to their women as other Denoms. I am so thankful, however, that although I was not remunerated for my work—that I never undertook a year's work owing one cent to any teacher or merchant or any one. The only help I ever had was $700.00 given me by the Denomination during the World War when so many of the older boys had to go into the War.

Although I feel deeply the passing of the school, yet, I feel that it had a mission in this section. As one young teacher recently said to me, "So many young people in this section were helped by the school being here. They could not afford to go away to school and our school had been a wonderful help in the preparation." But I do so regret the loss of the school and the loss of my participation in the world's work. It is gratifying to have some old pupils write me that they are trying to bring their children up in the ideals of the school. I have loved teaching and my pupils. Some one or more pupils in all my various schools have more or less distinguished themselves—not necessarily because of me—but I am glad to have been a part of their lives. Numbers of missionaries and ministers went out from the Academy and College.

Prior to founding the Alderson Baptist Academy I taught several sessions on the north side of the river; one session in Mr. Cades (Academy) on the hill south of A.(lderson), and a class of girls one year where the Alfords now live, one year at the Huffman school, one year at Sam Anderson, and three years privately, one year in the family of Dr. Irons at Pickaway, one year in Judge Campbell's family, one year in A. E. White's family in Gladys Inn, Clifton Forge, Va., private school in Ronceverte, several years in A.C.I., one my own private school, one year with Prof. Brown, one year with Prof. Anderson.

My Travels. I have always been fond of traveling and wish I could have done much more of it. When around 20 my Aunt Bettie Gray who had moved to Texas before I was born came home on a visit and spent a year. When she returned to her home I went with her—my first long trip. As I recall it the trains on which we traveled had neither dining car nor Pullman. We left Alderson on the early train—7:45 A. M.—and arrived late that evening in Cincinnati where we changed cars for Greenfield, Ind. We arrived the following day, where we were met by my cousin Geo. Caraway in a buggy—we drove to my uncle's 8 or 10 miles near Palestine. Samuel Caraway of Greenbrier Co. had married Amanda Alderson and soon after the War between the States moved his family to Texas, but did not remain long, moving back to Indiana. I think my Uncle did not find it congenial in Texas as he was a Union man. He had part of a section of land near the village of Palestine not far from Indianapolis. He had a very nice farm, with a comfortable house on it, where he lived with his five sons and four daughters. One daughter was married, one became a nurse, one kept house, and one stayed around a good deal with her kin. One son was married, one became a doctor in Indianapolis, one at home (also married). George who took me around the country has since died. The two older sons were well educated, one held a public office in Education.

We found the people of Ind. very kind and hospitable,

all hard working, energetic people, and prosperous, as also were the towns. Indianapolis seemed a very nice, well built prosperous city; Greenfield, a very interesting pretty town and the home of James Whitcomb Riley. We enjoyed our month's visit, then took the train for Dallas, Texas by way of Arkansas. I remember we traveled very leisurely, and became very friendly with all our fellow travelers and some by the wayside as we stopped every now and then to take on fuel, cord-wood piled beside the road, and this always led to an exchange of wits from the passengers and the natives. Now and then we stopped for water and always for our meals and sometimes to spend the night. Sometimes the folks on the train who carried their own meals with them would invite us to eat with them. It was a very delightful way to travel.

Once I sat part of the day by a returned missionary from Africa (a white man) who gave me much information about the missionary work there and the country. Once it was a group of Jews who gave me many nice things to eat. One episode was exciting. A bridal pair boarded the train close to Ind. The man coal black and his wife white and quite pretty. He was very attentive and solicitous of her comfort, but when we were nearing Little Rock, the groom learned that a posse of men were going to meet him there and "string him up." So they hastily grabbed their luggage and made their exit at a little station where another narrow gage crossed their road. I never heard whether they got away or not.

The slow speed of the train gave us a chance to see the country much better. I think I prefer it to the modern rush and aloofness of the present day travel. One night [which] we spent in Texarkana, a little town on the border of the two states, was indelibly impressed upon me by the swarms of mosquitoes. I sat up in my bed and with a towel for a weapon simply fought them all night.

The ride over the Texas prairies was interesting. My Aunt's home was at Eagle Rock 4 miles W. of Dallas, where she lived with her cow-boy sons, George, Oscar,

Morton, and Cary Gray. Her two daughters, Emma and Mary Jane, were married, the former to a farmer and the latter to a cattleman. The people were Southern so, of course, they were hospitable and kind.

My Aunt had a special friend living in Dallas, where I visited and met many people. Mrs. Cockrell was very wealthy, as she ran a city ferry (a fortune in itself), cattle ranches, the biggest flour mill in the South and rented city houses. Her only daughter had married and but recently died. There were two interesting sons, one a graduate of Washington and Lee in Lexington—very dignified. The other a madcap, who took all the police force to manage him when he went *on a tare*. Like all girls he was my favorite but both made it very pleasant for me. Once while lying in bed, I happened to glance under my wardrobe where I saw a pile of silver dollars (it looked like a peck but perhaps not) but it was the biggest pile of money I have ever seen. I think it speaks well for my Father's training that I could live with it day after day and not fill my pockets. Mrs. Cockrell would gather up a big pile of it every Saturday afternoon and go down to the back porch and pay off a bunch of workmen. She could not read or write—but never made a mistake in paying her bills. I had to be pretty nice around her. She had come from S. W. Virginia where some of my family, the Aldersons, lived and she considered them very aristocratic.

My cousins, the 4 Gray boys, stood well in that whole country and were considered among the best riders in Texas. They gave me a fine time, took me to parties, to the city, and all over that section of country. One of them, Morton, was employed by a cattle king who took great loads of cattle abroad with a group of colored to attend to the cattle in the boat. He was witty and looked very much like the late Will Rogers. The picturesque dress of the cow-boys (ten gallon hats, leather breeches, bright handkerchiefs about the neck) made a picture never to be forgotten. Often they were very good looking and always gallant. They were enough to make a gal lose her head. I

did not happen to fall in love with any but I did enjoy going about with them.

My next big trip was to the World's Fair at Chicago with Brother Bernie and Cousin Bettie Alderson. This was a memorable trip because of the marvelous display of world products. We stayed in the home of a brother of "Bob" Burdett, the noted humorist of his day. Bro. Bernie had boarded with this family all the previous year while he was in the Chicago Univ. so we felt very much at home. It would be impossible to describe the Exhibition. It would seem that everything in the world or its counterpart had been brought here. All prominent countries in the world had exhibits here, all fine arts, mechanical arts, inventions, all races of men, samples of all natural growth, new inventions. Electric lights had just come into use and were being shown in many marvelous ways. Slabs of red-wood from California so great that a great room full of people could dance on them at one time. [There was] a great lump of coal from W. Va., as large as a moderate sized room. The grounds were a marvel of beauty with flowers, trees, statuary, fountains, and walks. We talked with many races of people and heard many men talk.

My third trip was a ten day journey to Washington and Richmond. We attended the Northern and Southern Baptist Convention with Cousin Bettie Alderson. We were at the station expecting an excursion train on our own C. & O. R. R. but when a chartered train from Texas stopped and it was learned we were going to Washington, we were invited to go with them. It was a great privilege to meet and know these hundred of Southern delegates. We first went to Washington and attended the Northern Baptist Convention and heard great speakers, and the following week on to Richmond to listen to eloquent Southern orators. The two cities themselves were very interesting and I think we saw all that was to be seen. In Washington we saw the Capitol, all of it, Library, Smithsonian, all public buildings, attended a reception at the White House for

Delegates, saw Washington monument and Corcoran Art Gallery (enjoyed going over pictures with Dr. T. C. Johnson of Charleston who knew so much about Art).

In Richmond we visited the Capitol, White House of the Confederacy, noted churches, Richmond College, all public buildings, large stores, and Hollywood Cemetery. We noted the historic battlefields where so much of the active warfare took place between the N. and S. during the War between the States, as we passed between the two cities. Later I had another visit to both of these cities and so felt rather familiar with them. We were in Washington the day after our Sen. Jno. E. Kenna made his famous speech and whenever we entered a government building and told our state, we were bowed in and told "to make ourselves at home." On this trip we had a look in on Congress in session and heard and saw many noted public men.

My fourth important trip was the occasion of the World's Baptist Alliance at Philadelphia, when Cousin Bettie Alderson accepted an invitation from Mr. Wm. Benners, a friend of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller, for herself and me to visit his home and attend the meeting at Dr. Conwell's church. Mr. Benners had to make a business trip to Europe at the time, but asked us to stay in his home with his mother's friend, Miss Floyd, a lovely cultured white-headed lady, who had once been very wealthy, but had lost her home and all and was invited to live in his home because of his mother's love for her. He had a nice home on a nice street. The whole third story was occupied by a large library. Miss Floyd had a good maid who gave us such nice meals. Besides he left us tickets for movies, which were then new, the theatre and parks.

Consequently we saw all the interesting historic spots in and about the city, the noted public buildings, Penn. Univ., churches, Betsy Ross' home, Wm. Penn's tomb, Liberty Bell, Old Fed. Hall. Several of Mr. Benners' friends invited us to dinner. We had a perfect two weeks visit

which I have always cherished and felt grateful to Mr. Benners for. The W. B. Alliance that met in the church Dr. Conwell had made so famous, was most enjoyable. Dr. Conwell gave his great lecture, "Acres of Diamonds." We saw, met, and heard men from every nation on earth, famous men, great speakers, like our own Rev. Geo. W. Truett, Dr. Jno. Clifford of Eng., ... of Russia. The Russians had to parole from jail (because of their religious beliefs) and a Countess [served] for interpreter. [We] met Aldersons from England, who told us there was a John Alderson preaching in England then.

My fifth important trip was with Pattie Feamster to the Nat'l B. Y. P. U. at Providence, R. I. We went by rail to N. Y. and took a boat through Long Island Sound, a small bit of the Atlantic and Narragansett Bay. Providence was a well built, neat, and substantial city (I have just heard it was greatly injured by the recent violent storms that raged over New England 193_). Providence is of great interest to Baptists, because of Brown Univ. at which so many important Baptist ministers, missionaries have been educated, and for the history of Roger Williams our first great B. minister in this country. We attended the meetings in the historic R. Williams church, situated on wide grounds between 4 streets and with a door on all 4 sides of the church. The building is old Colonial with high pulpit. At this meeting we heard many noted ministers of the country, Conwell, Meyers, Faunce, Dickson, and noted musicians. We went to Roger Williams Park, in which is situated his home just as he left it—great high beds with canopies over them, warming pans for cold nights. The furniture all came from Eng. The house has the old fashioned fireplaces with cranes with pots suspended from them. The park is beautifully kept with all old fashioned flowers.

From Providence we took the train to Boston, traveling across the level lands of Mass. with its many little farms (some of them 10 A) that only a Yank could make a living on them. Of course, we enjoyed Boston and *took in* most

of it. We went from the train to the famous Tremont Temple, where 1500 of us were given a concert on a new electric organ and served nice refreshments. We went out to visit other noted buildings, Old North Church, Fairfax Hall, the spot of the Boston Massacre, the lovely Boston Commons with its beautifully kept grounds, and statuary, and monuments to famous people, Paul Revere, the discoverer of ether and many more. [We went] to the graves of its famous writers, Longfellow, Lowell, and others, and to their homes, the old State House, etc.

From Boston we went to Plymouth where every inch of ground is sacred to American history. We stepped upon Plymouth Rock, where those Mayflower Pilgrims stepped (one Rev. Robinson was my ancestor.) [We] went to the burial ground where those first settlers were buried and grain sowed over them so the Indians could not find them, then to the spring where they got their first American water and the women washed the first clothes, to the museum where all the furnishings from the Mayflower are kept. [We returned] to New York by boat at night [with] an immense number on board. A frightful storm came up as we touched the Atlantic and the steward had only two life-preservers for three of us. Miss Burk of Charleston took one and I gave the other to Pattie and went to bed too tired to care whether the ship went down or not.

We stayed in N. Y. about a week visiting Cousin Coleman Alderson who entertained us splendidly. We visited N. Y.'s famous buildings, great stores, parks, the Battery, highest buildings, Trinity Church and churchyard, Wall St., [where we met] some noted financiers—one John Tablor, a West Virginian educated at Old Blue Sulphur College. [We] ate lunch on Wall St., went into the Stock Exchange, and watched the manipulations of the ticker, etc., visited Coney Island, saw my first movie show, Joan of Arc, rode the ferris wheel, etc. Cousin C. took us on an excursion up the Hudson in a boat to West Point, [where] we saw the boys at their maneuvers, at mess, etc. [We] went all over the grounds, had various historic can-

non and other interesting things pointed out to us, and walked under the beautiful tree planted by Robt. E. Lee when he was a cadet there. We passed the Sleepy Hollow country and all that area made famous by the great creator of Rip Van Winkle.

To me there is something unbelievably sacred and inspiring in the great scenes of historic events. I love to stand on such spots and dream how the great heroes of the world's events came to play such great roles in life when so many of us can do so little to add to our great history or influence others to do such things. My trips have always added to my small store of knowledge. For my greatest trip of all—the one that hardly yet seems true, see my daily diary kept of my trip to Europe, and my visit to nine (9) historic countries. It seems too much to rewrite here and the events recorded there day by day give the story as we traveled it. All my life I had hoped to go but feared, of course, not. But when the opportunity came after my Father and Mother left me, it was a dream come true. I wish that I might have had the trip earlier so that I could have used it in my school work but it is a great source of pleasure just to recall it now when I am lonely which is nearly always.

A number of short trips in my own state and elsewhere were delightful and instructive. A week spent in Cincinnati at the Gibson House, with expenses paid, was most enjoyable and the attendance upon a great Missionary Assembly there was most inspiring. [There were] trips to Huntington, Charleston, Parkersburg, and Morgantown. Charles Town, Lexington and Fredricksburg were most enjoyable historically: Charles Town for the War between the States, Jno. Brown's Raid, his trial and death; Fredricksburg the very center of the War between the States—a battlefield itself and surrounded by battlefields with the homes and markers, and monuments to Washington, Lexington for its monuments etc. to Robert E. Lee. Travel is a most delightful way to get one's history if one can afford it.

West Virginians in the American Revolution

Assembled and Edited by ROSS B. JOHNSTON

The sources of this material are from the files of the Pension Office at Washington, from various county records, from notes of patriotic societies, principally the Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of the Revolution, and from a large miscellaneous group of published and private sources. Corrections and additions to this list will receive the careful attention of the editor.

SOMMERVILLE, WILLIAM (Captain)
Service—Continental Pa. Va. No. 12185 No. S. 41178

Entered service, August 8, 1776, as first sergeant in Captain Wendel Oury's company in the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, and served for a month, then became ill but when sufficiently recovered served at Fort Pitt in the quartermasters' department under Colonel Arch Steel, D. Q. M. Gen. In October, 1778, was on expedition to Fort McIntosh and on the Tuscaroras.

He was appointed conductor of artillery in the Western Department, which together with commissionship of military stores, he held until his resignation in 1781. His accounts were settled with the Board of War in 1786 for the pay of a captain with subsistence, under Chevalier De Cambray. Pension certificate was issued in 1818, at which time Sommerville was living in Berkeley County, Virginia. His wife was aged 33 or 34 at that time. Their children were: Nancy Gibbs, November 3, 1809; Elizabeth A., February 23, 1812; Marguerite B., June 8, 1815; Robert A., March 11, 1817; William Lawrence, March 5, 1819.

SPANG (Spong), DAVID
Service—Virginia Va. No. 12548 No. S. 39848

Enlisted at Shepherdstown early in 1781 as a private in the company of Captain Henry Bedinger in the Fifth Regiment of the Virginia Line. He was at the capture of Cornwallis' army at Yorktown and fought at the Widow Gibbons' against the Indians near Savannah, Georgia, under General Wayne. Was discharged at Charles Town, South Carolina.

Soldier applied for pension in Berkeley County, April 25, 1819, at which time he stated his family consisted of his wife, aged 50, daughter, aged 14; and his mother, Cary Keyser, aged 80. His claim was supported by his former commanding officer, Captain Bedinger. He was still living in 1797.

SPENCER, JOHN
Service—Virginia Va. No. 16405 No. W. 3883

Enlisted in Albermarle County, Virginia, in February, 1781, in com-

pany commanded by Captain Thomas Morman in Colonel Thomas Posey's Regiment; was honorably discharged in December, 1782, after participating in the siege of York and several skirmishes with the Indians near Savannah town in Georgia.

On November 4, 1785, married Mary Humphrey, daughter of David Humphrey. They had a daughter, named Susan. Soldier born in 1763 and died on July 22, 1830, applied for pension in Greenbrier County, Virginia, in 1819. Widow applied for pension which was granted in 1843 and 1849.

SPRINGER, JACOB (Lieutenant)

Commander of the garrison of the frontier fort at Holliday's Cove, now Hancock County, Virginia. He was a descendant of the Springer family which emigrated from Sweden to Delaware early in the seventeenth century. One branch of this family removed to the Monongahela region, where Jacob enlisted. On October 31, 1778, he was commissioned ensign in the Ninth Virginia Regiment, became a lieutenant, August 8, 1779, was transferred to the Seventh Virginia February 12, 1781, and served to the end of the war. He died, June 16, 1823.

SPRINGER, URIAH (Captain)

First lieutenant, Thirteenth Virginia, December 19, 1776; captain, August 25, 1778. This regiment was designated the Ninth Virginia, September 14, 1778. Springer was transferred to the Seventh Virginia, February 12, 1781, and served to the end of the War. He was captain in the United States Army, March 7, 1792, assigned to Third Sub-Legion, Septempber 4, 1792, and was honorably discharged, November 1796.

STACKHOUSE, JOHN

Service—Virginia Va. No. 6002 No. S. 38409

Enlisted in Harrison County, Virginia, February, 1777, and served until March 1, 1780, as a private in the company of Captain David Scott, Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, Continental Establishment, commanded by Colonel John Gibson. He applied for and received pension in Harrison County, January 29, 1819, at which time he was 69 years old. His wife was aged 45 and there were two children, a daughter, aged 15, and a son, aged 13.

STALEY, PETER

Service—Pennsylvania Va. No. 23634 No. W. 6194

Born in Pennsylvania in 1754; died, July 16, 1837, Jefferson County, Virginia. Enlisted in York County, Pennsylvania, July 1776 as a private under Captain Veanary, Pennsylvania Line under Major John Finley; marched to Philadelphia, Brunswick, Princeton, Amboy, Elizabeth Town, Newark, Banion Point, Hurlgate, then through Jersey to Woodbridge, thence through Princeton to Philadelphia where he was discharged by Major Finley in February, 1777.

The marriage bond of the soldier, dated September 21, 1790, to Margaret Mumson, signed by Peter Staley and Jacob Staley, is filed in

Berkeley County, West Virginia. Pension was granted the soldier in 1834 in Jefferson County, Virginia, and to his widow. She was 69 years old when she applied for pension in 1839. Peter Staley, father of the soldier, and Dan Staley, a brother, are mentioned.

STALNACKER (STALNAKER), SAMUEL
Service—Virginia Va. No. 23121 No. S. 9487

Born in Hampshire County, Virginia, in 1763. Enlisted in April, 1780, in a part of Monongalia County, Virginia, now included in Randolph County, West Virginia, as an Indian spy under Captains Board and Cunningham, and Colonels Lowther and Wilson. He also mentions Captain Carpenter, Lieutenant Adam Stalnacker, Lieutenant Tanner, Ensign John White and Ensign John Brown. Applied for pension in Lewis County, Virginia, which was granted in 1833, but was suspended in 1835. Supporting data filed by Thomas Brown and Ezekiel Powers.

STALNAKER, VALENTINE

Applied for pension as a Revolutionary soldier while living in Randolph County, in 1834, at which time he was 95 years old. He had acted as a frontier spy about the time of the battle of Point Pleasant. His pension application was refused on the ground that his service was previous to the Revolution.

STEEL, HENRY

Before the Randolph County Court, November 25, 1811, Jeremiah Channel, one of the heirs of Henry Steel, testified that he never knew his father-in-law to receive compensation in land for his services as a Revolutionary War soldier.

STEEL, THOMAS
Service—Penna. Va. No. R. 10100

Was drafted in the militia of Pennsylvania in Chester County, in 1776, for six months under Captain Marsh, Major Hammond, Colonel Moore and General Putnam. Before his enlistment had terminated, he secured a substitute to return to his wife who was sick. He was later drafted in Lancaster County, under Captain Boyd but was never called into actual service. His application for pension in Monroe County, Virginia, in 1836 was supported by the Rev. Jacob Cook and Hugh Caperton, but was refused because the applicant had not personally served at least six months.

STEEL, WILLIAM
Service—N. C. N. C. No. 1654 No. W. 6196 and B. L. Wt. 8156

Enlisted at Hillsboro, North Carolina, in 1778 and served as a private and corporal under Captain Thomas Donah in the Fourth North Carolina Regiment, Continental Establishment, under Colonel Archibald Lyttle. Took part in the engagements at Bruin (Bonar) Creek and Stone Ore. Was wounded in the hand by a sword cut which deprived the soldier of the use of a thumb and finger. Was discharged at Salisbury after two years service.

Soldier was married on December 29, 1812, by the Rev. John Davis of the Baptist Church to Cerela or Cerlia Howard. Their marriage bond in Amherst County, Virginia, shows that Steel and wife had both been married before. Two children, Juanna, aged 7, and Molly, aged 5, are mentioned in 1820, at which time the soldier was aged 74 and his wife 45.

Pension was granted to Steel in 1820 and he was transferred from North Carolina to Virginia. He died, February 8 or 9, 1832. His widow received pension while living in Cabell County, Virginia, in 1854. Bounty land warrant for 160 acres was granted in 1855. Supporting data was filed in this case by Thomas Bane.

STEPHEN, ADAM (Major General)

Of Scotch descent. Educated as a physician, early removed to Virginia and settled in the lower valley. In 1754, he was the senior captain in Colonel Joshua Fry's regiment and when Washington took command, Stephen was made a major. He was with Washington at Great Meadows and the next year was severely wounded at Braddock's defeat. He recovered, served throughout the French and Indian War, and commanded the Virginia regiment raised in Pontiac's War (1763).

The following year, he was a magistrate of Frederick County, and when Berkeley was laid off in 1772, became its first high sheriff. In Lord Dunmore's War, he was second in command to the Governor, and at Fort Gower made a speech in favor of the colonial cause. He was in close touch with the Virginia leaders of the Revolution.

He was a member of the Convention of 1775. The next year he was made a brigadier general, fighting at Princeton, Trenton, and elsewhere in the Jerseys. In 1777, he was made a major general, serving with honor at the Brandywine. After the battle of Germantown, he retired to his home at Martinsburg, which he founded. He was several times sent to the Virginia Assembly.

In 1788, he was a member of the Virginia ratifying convention and strongly supported the Constitution. Three years later (1791), Stephen died at Martinsburg. He was noted for his great stature and unusual strength, and was particularly feared by the Indians. One of his daughters married Alexander Spottswood Dandridge.

STEPHENS, JOHN

In January, 1825, John Stephens, aged 67, of Greenbrier County, Virginia, but late of Fayette County, Kentucky, appeared before the Greenbrier County Court, produced a certificate, No. 9407, signed by J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and asked to be restored to the pension list.

STEPHENS, JOHN

Before the Cabell County, Virginia, court, September 24, 1832, John Stephens made oath that he had served in the Revolutionary War and that he was entitled to a pension.

STEPHENSON, DAVID (Major)

Served as a major in Colonel Daniel Morgan's Rifle Corps. Before the Revolution lived on the Bullskin in Berkeley County.

STEPHENSON, HUGH (Colonel)

He was one of the five sons of Richard Stephenson, who settled on Bullskin Creek, Berkeley County, Virginia. He commanded a company of riflemen during the French and Indian War, and was recommended by Washington to command one of the rifle companies raised in the Shenandoah Valley in 1775. In 1776, he was raised from captain to colonel, and was employed in raising a rifle regiment, when he became ill and died at his home.

The heirs of Colonel Hugh Stephenson of the Revolutionary Army were allowed land bounty for two years, three months and three days service in addition to what had been previously received by an executive order of the State of Virginia, December 18, 1838. His will, proved in Berkeley County, Virginia, November 20, 1776, reads:

"To my wife, Ann, the plantation on which I now live, containing about 200 acres, during her natural life; to her one negro woman, named Nell; to my wife, all the residue of my estate, both real and personal, on this side of the Alleghenies, except the slaves hereafter disposed of, for and during her natural life; that she shall apply the benefits toward her support, and to the support and education of the following children, sons and daughters of myself and the said Ann, named William, John, Magnus, Hugh, Nancy, and Betty, until they shall arrive at lawful age." He gave a slave to each of the children. After the death of his wife, the plantation was to be sold and the returns divided among the children, and several large tracts of land were also left to his children.

STEPHENSON (Stephens), JOHN

Service—Virginia Va. No. 23107 No. W. 6204 and B. L. Wt. 38562

Born in Amherst County, Virginia, March 28, 1761 and died March 3, 1841, Greenbrier County, Virginia. Enlisted in 1778, Henry County, Virginia, and served as a private under Captain W. Renfrow, Major Monroe Conaway, and Colonel Lynch in Virginia regiments as a substitute for George Griffith, William Griffith, and William Stephenson.

Soldier was married in Greenbrier County, April 28, 1791, by the Rev. McCue to Sally Morehead, the daughter of a Greenbrier County blacksmith. Pension was granted the soldier in 1833. He died in 1841 and his wife received pension and bounty land grant of 160 acres.

STEPHENSON, WILLIAM (Lieutenant)

Served as a lieutenant under General George Rogers Clark in his western campaign.

STEPLETON, ANDREW

Service—Virginia Va. No. 6920 No. S. 36799

Enlisted at Romney, Hampshire County, and served six years and two months as a private in the company of Captain William Voss in the Twelfth Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonels Wood and Neville under General Scott. Took part in the battles of Brandywine and Monmouth. He was wounded in the left arm at Brandywine and in the thigh during the battle of Monmouth. He was discharged at Winchester, Virginia, in 1783.

Soldier received pension in 1819 at which time he was living in Jefferson Township, Switzerland County, Indiana. In 1821 he gave his age as 99 and that of his wife, 59. They had two children, Betsy, aged 18, and John Cole, aged 9.

STEVENS, JOHN
Service—Md. Continental Va. No. 16092 No. S. 6152

Enlisted in Prince George County, Maryland, August 15, 1777, and served until September 1778, as a private under Captain Thomas Ball in the Maryland regiment commanded by Colonel Rawlings, in Continental Establishment. Pension was granted to the soldier while living in Berkeley County, in 1833, at which time he was 75 years old. The certificate was sent to George Porterfield.

STEWART, RALPH (Captain)
Service—Virginia Va. No. 23949 No. W. 6168

Born in Augusta County, Virginia, 1752, later removed to Giles and Montgomery County, and died in Logan County, November 17, 1835. About 1800, he had a cabin on Clear Creek in what is now Wyoming County, West Virginia. His wife, Mary Clay, was the daughter of Mitchell Clay, first settler of Mercer County, Virginia, and their marriage bond, dated June 25, 1788, is filed in Montgomery County, Virginia. They were married by the Rev. Edward Morgan.

Was commissioned captain in 1773 by Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, and served as a ranger. Was at Point Pleasant under General Lewis in the battle in 1774. In 1778, his commission was renewed by Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, was ordered with his company to South Carolina to join the army under General Green, and was attached to a regiment commanded by Colonel Robert McCleary and Major Smith. Fought at Guilford Courthouse, Hot Water, Ground Squirrel, Charlottesville, and Yorktown. He was wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut from one of "Butcher" Tarleton's men and was on the invalid roll for the state of Virginia. His commission and discharge, left with Colonel George Pearis for safe-keeping, were lost or stolen when the latter's home was plundered.

Soldier received pension in 1834 and his widow received pension in 1846 at which time she was 74 years old. Supporting data was submitted in this case by Edward Burgess, Patience Chapman, Mitchell Clay, Francis Hedrick, Charles L. Clay, and the Rev. Richard Brooks.

Book Reviews

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS CABINET. By *Rembert W. Patrick.* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1944. Pp. 401. $3.75.)

DIPLOMAT IN CARPET SLIPPERS. By *Jay Monaghan.* (Indianapolis, Indiana: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1945. Pp. 505. $4.00.)

Eighty years have passed since Lee met Grant at Appomattox, and armies of books have been written about the armies of men who carried on the conflict which ended there. If indeed it ended there, for conflict still seems to rage about those men, and what they meant and what they did. It sometimes seems as though we would have to wait another eighty years before we could clearly understand what actually happened and why. Perhaps we may have to wait for the emergence of a new race of scholars from the sons of those who came to this country after Appomattox. Those of us whose fathers wore blue coats or gray seemingly have not begun to approximate impartiality as we seek to set forth the tale of motives and actions in those stormy days. We are still sectional. And inherent in sectionalism is an inbreeding of ideas. This appears in many an otherwise interesting book. One discovers it in this book of Dr. Patrick's before one has turned many pages. In such opinions as that "The Republican Party did not venerate the Constitution of the United States" one catches echoes of old political speeches, and lets it go at that. Political speeches are, after all, just political speeches. But when one finds such statements as this (which occurs on page one) that "The United States Government was largely the handiwork of men of the South" one wonders how much sober history he is likely to discover in the following pages. A historian may be permitted to have a slant, but he must have a sharp sense of fact.

One is further bewildered as he traces the author's estimate of the President of the Confederacy. He describes him as "sensitive, supersensitive indeed, and the darts he received as a leader of his people's cause stung him to the quick. Unable to throw them off he withdrew to the comforting circle of his intimate friends. In his treatment of the opposition he was at times tactless. His consciousness that he was right made him seem more obstinate than he was . . . When the people of the South became divided and grew lukewarm in their support of the war, Davis was lost and bewildered." Yet he goes on to say: "Davis' claim to conspicuous ability as a leader is incontestible." This is a strange claim in view of the above, and stranger for a revolutionary leader, for such a leader must be all things to all men if he is to hold all men to the cause. The hands which held all men together in the Confederacy, at least in the last tragic years, were those of Robert E. Lee, not of Jefferson Davis.

Yet there were able men in that Cabinet that Davis gathered about him, some from the old planter-aristocracy; some like Benjamin (who was to become Davis' principal adviser) not rooted to the soil; and one, honest John Reagen, a bluff self-made frontiersman. The wonder is they did as well as they did. During the four years of the Confederacy's existence fourteen men occupied the six cabinet places. "A varied group with contrasting personalities, they were trained men, and by the accepted standards of their day or this, were possessed of abilities above the average." Such is the author's judgment of them. Why then did they not succeed in their task of building a nation? Perhaps the answer is that the task was impossible. Secession is like atomic fission, a process which once begun ends in explosion. Had Lee received Grant's surrender at Appomattox, and the Confederacy's independence been assured, the process of division and disruption would have gone far; and a distinguished Georgian, Judge Emory Speer, was afterward to declare "The South would have been reduced to a series of impotent little Balkans." But aside from that could any group of men have done better under Davis? His must ever be the larger blame, and however gallantly Dr. Patrick endeavors to evade putting it there, it is difficult to deny the validity of Sir Frederick Maurice's verdict that "the soldier needed, in the circumstances of the time, the aid of a great statesman to make victory decisive, and the great statesman was in Washington not in Richmond." One must always remember in an endeavor to estimate that Richmond government, the carefully reached judgment of Davis of that distinguished Southern historian, Dr. W. E. Dodd, "An extraordinary man, by instinct a tyrant, by fate a politician; and through combining these two without taking the field, the most magnificent failure in the history of his country."

One of the most fascinating chapters of the book deals with "Court Life at the Confederate Capitals." They loved good living and they made it possible for those in whose company they delighted. To Secretary of the Navy Mallory writes to a friend while Grant was investing Petersburg, "Come to the front, where security, sympathy, mint juleps, and brandy smashes, and admiring audiences, the freshest gossip and the most unselfish regard, all combine with the boom and flash of guns to welcome your coming."

One questions after reading their story, as Dr. Patrick sets it forth, if one can excuse responsible statesmen by saying as he leaves them: "Around their efforts for a cause that was lost glistens halo-like a glory of the vanquished, pale and less effulgent than the light of victory, but none the less glorious." The statesman of a revolutionary cause, involving the lives and property of the many, can never be excused for failure. Before men choose war to gain their ends they should be sure of the way. "Halo-like glory" will not bring back the dead. And it would seem as though Burton Hendrick's estimate (in his *Statesmen of the Lost Cause*) will come nearer the final verdict as to the men responsible. "It (the Confederacy) produced no Statesmen, such as the South had produced in the revolutionary crisis of 1776 and afterward."

The book is well documented and contains a very complete bibliography.

The World War, through which we have been passing, has made us aware—if we had not been aware of it before—that a conflict between nations has its battle of minds as well as its battle with guns. Very definitely was that the case with the Civil War. In fact the battle of minds was just as decisive on the result as the battle with guns. Perhaps it were better to say more decisive. Europe's fingers had to be kept out of the struggle, at least to the point of military action. And kept out they were, by skillful diplomacy. And the perusal of these two books will certainly heighten that belief. Mr. Monaghan has written a book which is deservedly called "brilliant." He has gathered together a great mass of materials from wide sources, and he has placed it before the reader in a very readable form. One does not tire of its pages, unless one might be tempted to tire of the constant procession of "crises" which the author evolves. And brilliant are the persons one meets here, set forth in vivid colors, leaders of the North and of the South, of Britain, of France, of Austria, of Mexico; and the minor figures, supers on the great stage of history. Sometimes we grow fearful that the colors are too vivid, the description a bit forced as when Seward's "head resembled a wise macaw's," or Weed's "long nose resembled a plouch-share," or Montgomery Blair had "small rat-like eyes." Reading these one is tempted to wonder if the author's characterizations in other areas do not also exaggerate a bit. This is confirmed as one begins to realize that his effort is to present the whole matter of the war's diplomacy as a Lincoln triumph, which it decidedly was not. Seward soon discovered that he was not to run the Administration, but he also discovered that he was to run his office, that Lincoln meant it that way. And run it he did. He was well-equipped for his post. He had wide experience in governmental problems as governor of a great state, senator in a critical period, and a political leader who aroused and kept the loyalties of his followers. He had traveled widely, corresponded as widely with men of affairs, and knew infinitely more about foreign relations through his service on the Senate's Committee than did Lincoln. Lincoln knew that, and Lincoln also knew when he had a man in the right place, to keep him there. There were occasions truly when Lincoln had to make the decision, but the diplomatic war was Seward's, and his the glory of the victory, which Lincoln would have been the last to dispute.

As one seeks to estimate Mr. Monaghan's book one is compelled to say that the author has a greater ability for the dramatic than he has for the accurate. The endeavor to play up the dramatic in narratives of the period so evident in *Reveille in Washington* has had full scope in this book. It is intensely readable, he who takes it up will have a good time before he lays it down. But he is likely to be asking himself some questions before he is through. Was Lincoln, with all his powers, quite such a colossus as here he is depicted, and was Seward just "the little insignificant man in mussed clothes" whom Charles Francis Adams "coaxed and petted" to accept the Secretaryship of State? Has the Sandburg method—with all its sparkle and charm, but with a languid in-

souciance as to whether a thing be so or not—to be followed by all who will seek to tell again the amazing tale of Lincoln? It is to be hoped not. And it might be well for them to consider the injunction laid down by Charles Francis Adams in his "Memorial Address" on Seward, in which he deals with some of the relations treated of in this book, that "it is the duty of history, in dealing with all human action, to do strict justice in discriminating between persons, and by no means to award to one honors that clearly belong to another." There were honors enough for all in the way diplomacy was handled in that eventful period. And Lincoln's place in history is so sure that no one needs to filch a single leaf of laurel from Seward's crown to enhance his.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS.

Morgantown, West Virginia.

THE AGE OF JACKSON. By *Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1945. Pp. xiv, 577. $5.00.)

This epoch-making book in American historiography, deservedly and appropriately winning a place on best-seller lists at a time when the struggles of labor and industry have precipitated a national crisis, is a penetrating analysis and brilliant presentation of the Jackson epoch when these economic and social tensions first became dominant issues in American life. Its author—young, able son of a distinguished Harvard historian, is convinced that the moods, methods and purposes of American democracy in meeting similar past crises will bear a vital relation to its attack on post-war problems. Setting for himself the task of finding from the record what democracy has meant in the past, he has reexamined, reappraised and reinterpreted the origins, development, influence and significance of Jacksonian democracy. The result is a surprising, thought-provoking, unconventional book that has hit American literature with an impact that would do credit to its dynamic, pivotal character.

Under a withering barrage of carefully documented source material, deep-rooted traditions and erroneous concepts are swept away, the greatest casualty being the Turner thesis that Andrew Jackson was the champion and personification of frontier democracy which took possession of the nation. Schlesinger finds that the bulwark of Jackson's support came from the growing, restless laboring class in the eastern industrial regions with the west, true to its traditional individuality, going along whenever its interests happened to coincide with the democracy of the east. Sectionalism did not become a primary political factor until the combined issues of slavery and expansion side-tracked the forward march of the Jacksonian principles. As to the great controversial measures of Old Hickory's administration, the author shows that they were thoroughly considered, carefully planned and soundly based. Jackson, contrary to the characterizations by his opponents which have persisted in history books, emerges not as a swashbuckling, rude, violent, irascible military hero, an unfit dangerous man, but as an urbane, intelligent gentleman with a faculty for growth and the ability to make rapid

judgments, one who sought counsel but made his own decisions and then vigorously upheld them.

The book's objectives and pattern become readily apparent when it is compared with Claude G. Bowers' sparkling *Party Battles of the Jackson Period*, which has been long admired and regarded as an authority on the subject. For a graphic presentation of the exciting drama and fascinating characters of the eight years of "the Reign of Andrew Jackson," the Bowers book is hard to excel. However, while Schlesinger also exploits this color, it serves merely as background for a scintillating account of the ideas that actuated the men of the drama. More concerned with philosophies and principles than with personalities and partisan politics, he has delved deeply into the contemporary economic, social and political writings of the period. Beginning with the agrarian-weak government philosophy of Thomas Jefferson which had been kept alive by John Taylor of Caroline, John Randolph and Nathaniel Macon, he traces the transmutation of this democratic concept into that of the Jacksonians by showing how they reconciled diverse political philosophies with political realities. Thus Schlesinger complements rather than supplants Bowers.

After devoting some 300 pages to narrating the ascendency of the Jackson principles and program through the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren, the author concludes that Jacksonian democracy was not "the explosion of the frontier, lifting into the government some violent men filled with rustic prejudices against big business" but "rather a second American phase of that enduring struggle between the business community and the rest of society which is the guarantee of freedom in a liberal capitalist state." The specific problem for the Jacksonians, who believed "that there was a deep-rooted conflict in society between the 'producing' and non-producing' classes—the farmers and laborers, on the one hand, and the business community on the other" and that "if they wished to preserve their liberty, the producing classes would have to unite against the movement 'to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful'," was to control the power of capitalistic groups for the benefit of the noncapitalistic groups.

Then in six keenly analytical chapters on the different phases of the Jackson revolution, the author accounts for its success. The first one, "Jacksonian Democracy As An Intellectual Movement," explains the shift from the struggles for political equality of the Jeffersonians, who—looking backward—rejected the Industrial Revolution, to those for economic equality, human rights and control of industrialism, of the Jacksonians, who boldly came to grips with the actualities of their own day. The thought of Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations* and the rising tide of social revolt in Britain as reflected in the writings of William Cobbett profoundly influenced the new democracy in the United States.

Jackson, like a later occupant of the White House, collided with the courts in which Federalism, as the defender of property rights and the enemy of popular control, had intrenched itself. The chapter on "Jacksonian Democracy and the Law" tells of the struggles to liberalize

the courts and to simplify and reform the law itself. To meet the menace of impersonal corporations which, as they grew in strength, became less amenable to private conscience as a means of social control, the Jacksonians adopted the policy of government intervention, which in turn became one of the great controversial issues in American history. As pointed out in "Jacksonian Democracy and Industrialism," this policy was not aimed at the destruction or restriction of honest enterprise but at political domination by the capitalists and property classes. Other landmarks in this struggle were the establishment of the legality of labor unions, a shorter working day, guarantees of the political rights of labor, and a more liberal public land policy. Oddly enough, because a substantial portion of the clergy were arrayed with the opposing conservative forces, Jackson had to wage part of his battle against them in order to divert the church from politics to its true function—the saving of souls. This little-known phase is told in "Jacksonian Democracy and Religion," which is followed by an inquiry into its relations with the Utopian schemes of the day and a description of the activites of many of the contemporary lterary men in support of the Jackson party.

Provoking many a chuckle, the course of Jacksonian liberalism as traced through the administration of Andrew Johnson reveals some of the paradoxes and ironies of American politics. In a counter-reformation, the metamorphosed Whigs, with the Virginia born aristocrat, William Henry Harrison as candidate in 1840, "rushed to doff their broadcloth and flaunt their homespun . . . to become more democratic than the Democrats." Schlesinger sees in this Whig victory "the most conclusive evidence of the triumph of Jackson." When sudden death removed Harrison and John Tyler, a Virginia State-rights man, succeeded to the Presidency, the nation had "a President with a policy but without a party." In the eighteen-fifties, with the Democrats hopelessly divided by the slavery question, whatever remained of the Jacksonian tradition found its way into the newly formed Republican party. Hopes for a revival under Andrew Johnson, a Tennessee Jacksonian, faded when he failed as a democratic statesman; nor was there any chance for its survival in the Republican party which had been captured "by a boarding party of bankers and industrialists." Even the Democrats presented the sorry spectacle of defeating their liberal purposes by relapsing into the anti-state myth of Jefferson. According to Schlesinger, emancipation and triumph came with the New Deal under Franklin D. Roosevelt. The implications need no comment.

All this may sound like a dry, ponderous volume. But just the opposite is the case. Although the book is based on unempeachable scholarship as attested by a 30-page bibliography and extensive footnotes, it contains not a single dull page—not even those explaining abstractions. The author, believing that history can be interesting and lively as well as informative, writes with the skill and artistry of a novelist and his book may well serve as a model for other historians. It has become a leading contender for the 1945 Pulitzer prize in history.

How has the author been able to achieve a masterpiece of historical writing? Primarily by introducing the characters of his story and then

allowing them to speak for themselves. The burden of the theme is carried by a discerning selection of excerpts from their writings and speeches.

The author's delightful vignettes and thumb-nail sketches of the *dramatis personae* make it easy to agree that "history is the essence of innumerable biographies." Like a master of ceremonies, he presents not only the protagonists but also a galaxy of lesser men who have too long been obscured and neglected. Naturally dominating the story is the tall, thin, ailing Andrew Jackson—"his white hair pushed straight back from his forehead, his long face reamed with wrinkles, his eyes sharp and commanding, . . . with firm military step, compressed lips and resolute expression," whose strength lay in "his deep understanding of the people." Martin Van Buren and James K. Polk are shown in a more favorable light than is usually accorded them. Partisans of Jackson's opponents, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Horace Greeley, may take exception to Schlesinger's characterizations.

In bringing to life the political thinkers of the day and focusing attention on their writings, the author has rendered a real historical service. The book demonstrates the value of the activities of local historical societies in making available material on the so-called lesser characters of history and should encourage these societies to republish much of this early political and economic literature. These writings are fundamental to an understanding of our national development and should be required reading in history courses. Especially noteworthy are *An Inquiry into the Principles and Policy of the Government of the United States* by the die-hard agrarian, John Taylor of Caroline; *A Short History of Paper Money and Banking in the United States* by the Philadelphia editor and economist, William M. Gouge, who put the hard-money doctrines in clearest form; *An Address Delivered before the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Agricultural Society* by the venerable Samuel Clesson Allen; *What is Monopoly?* by the clever, gentlemanly Theodore Sedgewick, Jr.; *A Voice from America to England* by the Whig pamphleteer Colvin Colton; and *The Laboring Classes*—"one of the most remarkable documents of Jacksonian Democracy"—by Orestes A. Brownson, whose biography Schlesinger wrote as his first book.

Like the party battles which it so understandingly describes, this book will stir up considerable controversy. Change dates and names and much of the book would have a familiar present day ring. In fact one may question if recent labor arguments have produced anything that was not current in the age of Jackson. Certainly anyone trying to understand the labor movement in the United States should read the book. Perhaps President Truman, in stating that the public interest should dominate in labor disputes, had in mind Schlesinger's quotation from one of the first platforms of the Workingmen's groups, "Our object is not to excite jealousy in one class of society towards another. We proscribe none; we are no levellers, our object is the public good." Both labor and management may well ponder over and profit by these early writings.

Hanover, Virginia B. FLOYD FLICKINGER

State History as Featured by the Press

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American Historical Review (October, 1945), *Henry Adams' "Diary of a Visit to Manchester,"* by Arthur W. Silver.

American Archivist (July, 1045), *How Can We Improve Our Historical Societies?* by Bertha M. Josephson.

Indiana Magazine of History (September, 1945), *Herndon's Contribution to Lincoln Mythology,* by Louis A. Warren.

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Lincoln Herald (October-December, 1945), *President Lincoln and General Meade After Gettysburg,* Part II, by E. Lauriston Bullard; *A Lincoln Forgery,* by Harry E. Pratt; *When John F. Stuart Sought To Send Lincoln to South America,* by F. Lauriston Bullard; *Lincoln Lives in the Cumberlands,* III, by Robert L. Kincaid.

Mississippi Valley Historical Review (September, 1945), *The Railroad Land Grant Legend in American History Texts,* by Robert S. Henry; *The Southern Claims Commission: A Post-War Agency in Operation,* by Frank Wysor Klingberg.

Missouri Historical Review (October, 1945), *The Road West in 1818, The Diary of Henry Vest Bingham,* Part I, edited by Marie George Windell.

The Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Quarterly (October, 1945), *Ohio Medical History*—Part 6: *The Vaulting Imagination of John L. Riddell,* by Adolph E. Waller; *Cleveland Doctors and Their Fees* (about 1840), by Howard Dittrick; *Purveyors to the Profession: Cincinnati Drug Houses, 1850-1860,* by Philip D. Jordan.

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